

P R E M I E R E I S S U E

EQUUS EROTICUS

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A PUBLICATION FOR AND ABOUT THE WORLD OF PONY GIRLS AND BOYS

SPRING 1997
Number 1

Horse Woman

From Woman to Horse

"Rubber Pony"

*A Profile About
Bryan Milhoud*

A Pony Named Sarah

*Young Lady Explores
Her Fantasy*

PLUS

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EQUUS EROTICUS

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PAUL REED
Editor and Publisher

Associate Editors

BRYAN MILHOUD
HOYT SCHERMERHORN
TAME DOWN
JG- LEATHERS
LEGION

Photographers

PAUL REED
MATHIAS ROLFS

Contributing Writers

TAME DOWN
JG- LEATHERS
DUNCAN MCCHESENEY
MONICA MINX

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All subscription requests and mail correspondence must be sent to:

Magic Pony Productions

P.O. Box 2408

Germantown, MD 20875-2408

Any e-mail messages can be sent to: PGRIDER@aol.com

All models are 18 years of age or older. Proof on file for all photographs contained in this publication taken after October 31, 1990. Pursuant to 18 U.S.C. S. 2257 a-c and 28 C.F.R., Part 75, all records establishing that all models in this publication are 18 years of age or older are in the custody of Hoyt Schermerhorn, Custodian; at the New York City Offices of *Magic Pony Productions*, 817 West End Avenue, New York, NY 10025.



Cover: Photo of German Pony Girl Silvia, the Most Well Known Pony Girl In the World, by Mathias Rolfs. More Photos of Pony Girl Silvia on page 18.

From the Editor & Publisher

Welcome to the Premiere Issue of "EQUUS EROTICUS" Magazine. This magazine is devoted exclusively to pony girls and boys and their masters and mistresses. In addition, this magazine is a forum for men and women who are linked together by the desire to use human ponies as an expression of erotic pleasure. Having one partner assume the role of a human pony while the other partner assumes the dominant role and controls the role playing scenario of this highly erotic activity, can be a very exciting part of bondage and domination.

There are several kinds of "pony play" with this fetish such as "show ponies," "cart ponies" and my favorite, "riding ponies." Although I am a heterosexual male who really enjoys riding women, I will be devoting this magazine to all types of human ponies and to different types of sexual combinations. The human pony fetish is different things to different people and this magazine will feature many exciting combinations. The purpose of this magazine is not to depict men and women as subordinate, but rather as complimentary to each other. Both men and women can play the dominant or submissive role, and many couples switch roles constantly and develop new ideas as they act out their fantasies.

The whole idea behind "EQUUS EROTICUS" Magazine and the erotic world of human ponies is of mutual consent between two adults. Safety of the submissive is extremely important and a safe word or signal from the pony, discussed and agreed to ahead of time between the dominant and submissive partners is absolutely essential and a definite requirement between two consenting adults. If the submissive

partner uses the safe word or signal during the role playing session, the dominant partner must stop and assess the situation. No person has the right to force another person into any bondage or domination scene if they choose not to participate. All activities related to using a human pony can be very physically demanding and the dominant must respect the limitations and wishes of the role play-

ing submissive. Severe physical injury can occur if safe role playing practices are not followed. Please be careful if you participate in this activity, as safety is extremely important when people are used as human ponies.

This magazine has been in the active planning stages for over 3 years and is the result of my life-long frustration of not finding a publication that was strictly about human ponies. Many publications feature this aspect of bondage, but no magazine in North America (I am not sure about the rest of the World) has been devoted to human ponies. I thought it was about time a magazine like this existed and apparently the only way it was going to exist was for me to start the publication myself.

There were a group of individuals who stood by me when this magazine was first proposed. I would be extremely remiss if I failed to thank these people who constantly supported and encouraged me, and

believed such a publication was possible.

The first idea about such a publication was discussed with Hoyt Schermerhorn about 10 years ago. He has supplied many valuable ideas and has taken the time to edit and suggest changes about different stories for this magazine. We have worked on several projects concerning this fetish, and his professionalism and knowledge are always

"The whole idea behind 'EQUUS EROTICUS' Magazine and the erotic world of human ponies is of mutual consent between two adults."

very valuable to the success of any undertaking. I usually "bounce" any new ideas and thoughts that I might have about human ponies to him first and his many helpful comments and suggestions are always appreciated.

I would like to thank *Bryan Milhoud*, a pony boy

"This magazine has been in the active planning stages for over 3 years and is the result of my life-long frustration of not finding a publication that was strictly about human ponies."

from New Jersey who is also extremely knowledgeable about this erotic activity. He has written an article especially for this first issue about how he became involved with "pony play" and known as the "Rubber Pony." We conducted a workshop about "EQUUS EROTICUS" together in October, 1995; at the Ninth Annual Dressing for Pleasure Gala, in New Jersey.

I also conducted my second workshop about "EQUUS EROTICUS" with *JG- Leathers* at the Tenth Annual Dressing for Pleasure Gala, in October, 1996. I first met him over 12 years ago and I value his friendship very highly. He has graciously contributed a fictional story for this Premiere Issue.

I would also like to thank *Legion*, *Tame Down*, *Mike Derrick*, *Mathias Rolfs*, *Duncan McChesney*, *Monica Minx* and *Bob Zak* for their valuable contributions to this magazine. It is truly an honor and a distinct pleasure for me to be associated with all these professional and wonderful people.

Yes, I am acutely aware that this is a "politically incorrect" publication. However, I always treat human ponies with respect and dignity and I never look down on a human pony or think they can be mistreated just because they are submissive. I never abuse animals and I certainly never abuse a human pony. I treat a human pony more as an equal partner, because in this fantasy the submissive and dominant person, through role playing, can both achieve a great deal of intense pleasure from this very erotic activity. Human ponies are a part of bondage that should be exciting and pleasurable for both parties involved. Used as a form of sexual bondage or foreplay this erotic activity can result in a special physical intimacy between loving persons. Relationships can be improved and love heightened when this erotic activity is used in a caring and trusting way.

Each reader of this publication must remember that the activities presented in these pages are not met to offend, abuse, demean, exploit or in any way take advantage of one sex over another. The bondage depicted in this publication is of mutual agreement. With widespread reader support, this publication will succeed in joining together people with a common interest, their love of human ponies.

I sincerely hope that each reader will enjoy the fantasies this magazine contains and if you have any suggestions, ideas, comments, stories, photos, illustrations; please feel to either e-mail me at: PGRIDER@aol.com: or send them regular mail.

In case there is any reader who is curious and wondering about why this magazine was named "EQUUS EROTICUS," it is because "EQUUS EROTICUS" is Latin for "Erotic Horse." I definitely believe human ponies are truly "Erotic Horses."

Paul Reed
EQUUS EROTICUS Magazine

"Human ponies are a part of bondage that should be exciting and pleasurable for both parties involved."

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I'm a middle aged white male living in the Cleveland, Ohio area. I took an early retirement from the Federal Government over a year ago. But I stay in good physical condition by doing my exercises such as walking, bike riding and playing golf. So I can keep up with if not ahead of just about everyone my age and usually guys who are years younger.

I want to be a cart pony and I could be a cart pony, if only I knew of someone who could train me.

I have almost always been in control. I usually am in charge of whatever I am involved in. At work, I was always the boss. Usually when I joined any club and social activities, at some point I became the leader. That may sound great, but it is not easy being the one who has to make the decisions, to be the person people wait to hear from, to always be the responsible one.

Through it all or maybe because of it all, I have always had a suppressed interest in bondage. To "be" in bondage, that is. To be tied, strapped, shackled or whatever into complete submission. But there was no one who could or would control me, and I still yearn for bondage. I want to know at the deepest level what it is like to be controlled, forced to respond to any whim of the person who controls me.

In my spare time I found a news-group that had all kinds of photos of people in bondage. What attracted my interest most was the pony girls, especially the cart ponies. They were totally controlled, physically and mentally. They weren't just in bondage; they weren't held in one position. They were forced to behave and obey just as their masters or trainers instructed them. They were in body harnesses, stiff high collars,

with a bit in their mouths, and harnesses holding their heads just right. You might see them in a corral, practicing their gait. They might be shown in a stall, chained to a wall by their neck or ankle or pulling a cart with the whip ready to give them extra incentive to obey. They were always total slaves with no will or choice.

I want to be the one who is being trained as cart pony boy. Held by my reins in a stable or my bit secured above me, holding me straight as my trainer works on my gait. To know that the littlest mistake would be

"I want to be a cart pony and I could be a cart pony, if only I knew of someone who could train me."

rewarded with a crack or two of the whip. A whip crack I have yet to feel. Taught patience by being left chained naked in my stall, to wait for whatever would come next. I even long to be the one locked to the cart, my head held high by collar and head harness, reins telling me where to go, proudly pulling my trainer. To know that when the trip was done I'd be back secured in my stall, left alone to await my trainer's next pleasure.

I'm not interested in appearing in public, or being in competition. I just want to experience what it is to live the training of a cart pony. Maybe out there somewhere is a trainer who would give me what I am looking for. I want this experience so much and I would be forever grateful. I'd prefer female, but since sex isn't the object, a male would be acceptable. If there is anyone who would train me, they can reach me at my e-mail address shown below. Please help me fulfill my desires.

PonySlaveX@aol.com



Dear Sir,

I can remember it as if it were only last week. It was early summer of 1982, but something would happen that year which would change my life forever. But first, a little background about myself.

My name is Chrissy Lewis. I'm in my early 30's, and a "TV." I've always known I should have been a girl since I was 5. By the age 8, I had already begun experimenting with my sister's pantyhose. Within a year, I was wearing my sister's panties, bras, and shoes every chance I got.

I had always felt uncomfortable and "out of place" interacting with boys, and I had always dreaded going shopping for new clothes or getting my hair cut. These new clothes made me feel complete and whole. By the age of 12, I was wearing panties and pantyhose to school under my "normal" clothes, and I was wearing complete outfits at home. I had even begun faking being sick so I could stay home alone, and spend a full and glorious day as the girl I knew I was!

I loved the way these clothes felt! The way the bra straps encircled my chest and pulled on my shoulders, the way the pantyhose made my legs look, the way the high heels made my body move, and the way the blouses and skirts made me look. There was only one word to describe

"When dressed in 'normal' clothes, I felt dreary, lifeless, trapped, and hopeless..."

how I felt while wearing these things, natural! When dressed in "normal" clothes, I felt dreary, lifeless, trapped, and hopeless, as if I were sleepwalking through a never ending bad dream. But every day after school, I'd run home and slip on those wonderful clothes and suddenly come alive, feeling happy, free, and full of dreams and hopes!

At age 14, I knew that I wanted to experience everything about being a girl, or at least as much as was physically possible. That year, my secret was discovered by Denise, an acquaintance of mine. She thought my gender disorientation was fascinating and decided to be the one who would help me experience life as a girl. A few months later, I wore a maxi-pad for the first time, and a few months after that, my first tampon. For the next few years, she would always make sure I wore them for one week a month, and bought them for me at the appropriate time. She introduced me to a much older friend of hers, who I would later discover was a dominant. My new friendship with him would eventually help me discover another part of myself, I'm a natural submissive.

When Denise introduced me to

Bill, he already knew about my desire to become a woman. He offered his home to me for dressing as often as I wanted. At first, I was reluctant, but within a few months I was visiting regularly to dress in total freedom. He began buying me clothes: skirts, blouses, shoes, nylons, and panties. It was like a dream come true! Over the next 2 years, the skirts slowly got shorter, the blouses slowly grew tighter, the heels got thinner and higher, and the lingerie got flimsier.

For my sixteenth birthday, I received my first matching bra and panty set from "Frederick's." It was a pretty red lace underwire push-up bra and a matching red silk thong panty. I also got my first garter belt, a beautiful purple satin garter belt with black and red lace trim; my first pair of seamed lace-top stockings, and my first pair of stiletto heels which were candy apple red patent leather!

By 17, I was well on my way to becoming his submissive. I would think of nothing but him all day long in school. What would he have me wear today? After school I would rush to his house, go straight to the bedroom, strip, and put on whatever he had laid out for me. By this time, slips, skirts, and blouses were no longer worn, as he preferred seeing me in my lingerie, usually a bustier with stockings and panty or a waist cincher or strict corset, stockings, bra, and panty, and of course, stiletto heeled pumps. None of this felt unusual to me. The steps were small and incremental, and each step felt completely natural as I slowly submitted more and more to his desires.

At 18, I became his lover. A leather slave collar was added to my wardrobe, along with leather wrist and ankle cuffs, a ball gag, a head harness, nipple clamps, latex hood, and other restraints and devices. A few days after graduating from high school, my nipples were pierced and fitted with a beautiful set of three-quarter inch gold hoop earrings and a silver ring was fitted around my cock and balls, both were symbols of my acceptance of him as my master and "husband."

Now that I had been made his "wife," he began furthering my feminine experiences. During my "periods," he began administering small enemas, guaranteeing that I would now experience some form of bloating and cramping! Occasionally, as a reward, I would be allowed to experience pregnancy simulation. This was accomplished by administering multiple enemas, each larger than the previous, over 3 to 4 hours. When this session was completed, I would be left with 3 to 3 1/2 liters of liquid inside me, and then dressed in maternity clothes. Eventually, I learned to hold the liquid inside me for around an hour or more!

I remember the first time I saw myself in the mirror, I looked happy, content, and at least 5 to 7 months pregnant! I felt so happy and complete, a dream come true! I didn't mind the cramps, the discomfort, or the huge bulge in my tummy. I didn't mind being helpless, needing his help to sit down, stand up, barely being able to walk, or not being able to even reach my own feet. From

"I gave him total control over me, over my body and my mind."

that day on, I had always savored the special emotional feelings of this simulated pregnancy.

I gave him total control over me, over my body and my mind. My own fetishes gave way to his, my own sexual fantasies were replaced with his. In a strange paradox, the more of myself I gave to him, the more I submitted. The more I allowed myself to be controlled, the more liberated I felt! My thoughts and feelings began to sound like Orwell's "1984." For me, anyway, bondage was free-

dom, torment was pleasure, and discipline was love!

I began my first semester at a local college wearing a pair of PVC training panties, an open-crotch side-zip panty girdle with built-in garters, stockings, and a sports bra under my male clothes. From that day, he would select all my underwear on a daily basis. My male wardrobe was now changed as well. Tight jeans gave way to loose fitting baggy pants. T-shirts gave way to loose flannel shirts and bulky sweaters, all needed to hide the garters, bras, and rings I was required to wear.

The first year of school was difficult. I couldn't concentrate on my classes, as my mind always wandered back to him. Bill had become my best friend, my trainer, my lover, and my master. I defined my self through his image of me, I saw myself through what I was and meant to him. He had become the center of my existence and being. The following year, he was relocated by his employer, and I was left alone.

It was a crushing blow! I had been so well trained and had so totally submitted to him that I was now nothing without him. I felt totally lost, without direction or goals, and numb. Each day became an unpleasant and unbearable torture of aimlessness. I discovered the greatest danger a natural submissive faces; lack of control. There is nothing more upsetting, more unnatural to a submissive than to exist without being owned, used, or controlled. I spent the entire year feeling as if I were sleepwalking through a never ending nightmare. I was a sponge in a drought, dry, useless without water, crying out to be deeply immersed and completely filled!

By this time, I had served both men and women as a submissive. I had experienced nipple torment, butt plugs, dildos, sensory depravation, forced exhibitionism, strict bondage, controlled sexuality, and training as a personal body slave. I had new fetishes implanted in me, such as foot/shoe worship, enemas, and fire & ice. But there always seemed to be something missing. I

was nagged by a feeling that there was more to it than this.

Then it hit me, totally by accident. I was in an adult book and video store, and saw a video tape of a fetish known as pony girl! It literally froze me in my tracks. I was mesmerized, drawn to it, almost hypnotized by what I saw; submissive women being trained, and dressed like ponies! There they were, dressed in leather blinders, bit-gags, bridles, and saddles; being trained on a horse farm with whips and automated exercise machinery used for horses! I watched that video

“The position of pony girl was the essence of submission; it was the epitome of servitude!”

from start to finish. When it was over, I felt hot, dazed, and almost like I was in a trance!

I left the store, but for the rest of the day I couldn't think of anything else. The images seemed burned into my brain. Slowly, over the next few days, another thought began to form. I needed this! This was what I had been missing all along in my submission! I wanted to, no, had to become a pony girl! I wasn't sure why, when, or how, only that I had to experience this for myself.

Weeks and months passed, and I still couldn't get the video out of my mind. I was now completely obsessed by it. Why? Why was the concept of becoming a pony girl so enticing? Why was I being drawn to it so strongly, much more so than any other fetish I had been exposed to in

6 years as a submissive? The more I thought about it, the more bits and pieces began to fall into place. I finally realized why it had affected me the way it did. The position of pony girl was the essence of submission; it was the epitome of servitude! And in a way, it was also a metaphor for femininity.

First, it was a form of submission unlike any other I had experienced to date. In all my sessions, with all my dominants, I had always been treated as a person. A submissive, yes, but a human one. In a pony girl scenario, I would be lowered beyond my point as a submissive; I would be lowered to the status of an animal! I would be treated, trained, fed, watered, and sheltered as a domesticated horse! I began to imagine what this might feel like. I imagined that such a role would require tremendous trust and love for my trainer. I wondered about the women in the video, they all appeared to eventually embrace their roles as ponies. Did they feel the same intense love, dedication, and trust to their trainers as I imagined I would need to pursue this type of scene?

Secondly, I began to see it as a metaphor for womanhood. Women go out of their way many times to please their boyfriends. Women often submit to their mates desires or defer to their mates plans. Women give up their names (and in a way, identities) at marriage. Women perform the labor of childbirth and domestic tasks. As a pony girl, I would give up not only my identity but my status as a person! I would be trained to do nothing but defer to my trainer's every desire and instruction. And I would be transformed into a beast of labor, existing for no other reason than to bear the weight of my trainer upon my back. I would endure pain for his comfort, I would struggle for his enjoyment, and I would physically exhaust myself for his convenience and pleasure.

The more I thought about it, the more I needed to become a pony girl! The idea of voluntarily placing myself in such a situation, of voluntarily asking to be lowered to the status of an animal for an undeter-

mined length of time filled me with a new sense for the ultimate form of trust, submission, and caring! I have fantasized about my transition into a pony girl many times. Each fantasy more vivid, more exciting, and more desirable than the one before.

I imagine the feeling of kneeling before a master, looking at the intricate leather and metal bit-gag he holds before me. I try to imagine what that moment must feel like, my last chance to back away and cancel the training. Kneeling there, torn between the voices of reason and logic in my head and the voices of passion, lust, and ultimate desire in my heart! Accepting the gag would mean guaranteed humiliation and physically exhausting labor. Denying the gag would mean never experiencing what feels inside like my true calling and destiny!

Although the actual training would have yet to begin, I imagine the mental anguish of being torn between these two seemingly conflicting worlds would initiate intense mental conditioning long before the physical training began. The image

“I dream of the relationship between my rider and me”

of a woman, forced by her own uncontrollable inner desires to forfeit all aspects of high fashion, demure modesty, and feminine virtue to become nothing more than an animal of labor is perhaps the most erotic image I can think of.

And so, I imagine myself, torn between resistance and desire, logic and lust, reason and release; on the verge of tears, finally opening my mouth and crawling into the bit gag! And as the myriad of leather straps and buckles are cinched, fastened, and locked around my head and

neck, I think of what I have done, what I have committed myself to. I relive my last few hours; the last times I was allowed the dignity of walking on two legs, of speaking with words, of living as a person.

“And when my daily training and ride are over, I feel exhausted, weak, happy, and totally fulfilled!”

I imagine that for the next 5 days, I will be forced to live, eat, sleep, work, and play as a pony. I wonder what it would feel like? Being forced to communicate using only horse type sounds, being trained to walk, prance, gallop, and trot; being fitted for my first saddle. (Would it feel as good as my first bra?) Bathing by being soaped, scrubbed, and hosed by strange hands, and of being mounted by my first rider!

I dream of the relationship between my rider and me. I am dressed in a manner that will please and excite him. I am constantly reminded that he is in control. I feel vulnerable and lost without his direction. I am all too willing to eagerly follow his every command with total trust and complete obedience. I desire to feel his weight upon my back, and I feel useless and unfulfilled without him on me. I give myself to him totally and willingly. My every muscle, down to my last ounce of strength, works for him! Am I a well-trained pony or an obedient wife? The distinction becomes blurred.

And when by daily training and ride are over, I feel exhausted, weak,

happy, and totally fulfilled! As I feel his hands removing my saddle, blinders, and clothes to prepare me for my hose-down, I feel nothing but overwhelming love and pride. I am proud of myself, of my service to him, of my endurance, my stamina. I stand before him on all fours, tied to a post with my bit gag and reins, naked. I am proud of my body, but not in the usual sense. I am not proud of petty things like beauty, breast size, or sexual desirability, I am proud of my ability to carry him, to work for him, to support him! I am even proud of the sweat as it shines and glistens over my body, trickling down onto the ground from time to time.

I was 20 when these thoughts and ideas first appeared. Now, a little over 11 years later, they still haunt me. Although I have been rewarded with a number of long-term relationships with dominant women since then, my need for this experience has not diminished at all. Quite to the contrary, it has increased. No form of submission is sufficient or completely fulfilling anymore. I have felt incomplete and underutilized in every relationship I have ever had. My life continues to be haunted by that void within me, the desire for total and ultimate submission as a pony girl! Finally, after 11 years, there is no longer any way to deny or suppress that desire. The only hurdle now is where to find a

“I was 20 when these thoughts and ideas first appeared.”

trainer? And once I embark upon this new journey, will I ever want to go back to being just a woman?

Slave Chrissy of Massachusetts ♀

A Pony Named Sarah

by Monica Minx

illustrations by Legion

PART 1 OF 3

Sarah's father had taught her to ride a pony when she was four. It seemed, at least to Sarah, that she must have been born with certain uncontrollable cravings. The smell of leather and her passion for horses brought desires to her body which became obsessions. That smell was better than the smell of any flower in any of the gardens on her farm. It was even better than the smell of her mother's homemade bread, and Sarah loved homemade bread. The leather smell became intoxicating to her. She would often stand in the middle of the stable and inhale over and over again just to enjoy the aroma one last time before leaving. It was hard for her to put the leather saddles away without first taking a good sniff, stroking the soften leather seat and rubbing the leather bridle over her own cheeks a few times.

Her other sisters and brothers didn't seem to care about the smell one way or the other. It was just one more smell to them. One more farm odor that they all grew up with as part of their daily lives. If anything, her siblings actually preferred the smell of their mother's homemade bread. Sarah knew this because she had asked them. One rainy day they were all just sitting around doing nothing but talking teenage talk. One of them would wonder about this boy or that. The other would mention how the new girl in town was "hot." Another couldn't wait until he had enough money for that second hand car down at Lenny's. So Sarah wondered about horses and leather. They all thought Sarah a little strange. But Sarah knew it was them that were strange - not her. After all, they were all talking about

things they didn't want anyone else to know. Why was her "wonder" so different?

Now, at age 20, it was time to get a job off the farm. Her older brother and sister had already left. It was her turn. The younger ones would still be around to help her parents. The ad said,

"NEEDED — STABLE HAND TO EXERCISE AND CARE FOR HORSES, EQUIPMENT AND STABLE. APARTMENT AVAILABLE ABOVE STABLE. CALL 555-5555."

"It was exactly what she would love to do. She would be able to move away from home, support herself and do what she loved best."

It was exactly what she would love to do. She would be able to move away from home, support herself and do what she loved best. She had to get this job. Sarah sat nervously in the large elegant chair placed against the wall in the large elegant hallway. The house, or rather the estate, had been overwhelming in appearance as Sarah had driven up the long driveway. If she hadn't wanted this particular job so much, she would have turned around and

gone back home. The fear of the unknown of this situation was overpowered when she thought of what the end results could be. She had never seen such wealth. Sarah was used to socializing with friends and family away from the protection of her home surroundings, but she was always glad to get back to the security of the farm and stable. This experience was going to be a little harder to handle than any "off-farm" experiences before.

The butler had answered the door and led her to the antique overstuffed chair in the hallway. Although instructed to wait there, Sarah found it nerve racking to stay in place. She would have preferred to stand up and prance the length of the hallway. It had only been a few minutes but it seemed like forever. The rich wooden, double doorway across from her had to be at least ten feet high. She was awestruck by the beauty of the decor, the thickness of the plush carpet and the elegant ambiance produced throughout the small portion of the house that she had seen. This place looked nothing like her farm back home.

They were far from poor. None of the six children had ever wanted for anything. But with six kids, the house and farm were only well-kept and modest compared to this place. There were no chandeliers, no spiral staircase, no deep wood paneling, and no butlers at Sarah's home. The quiet elegance only made her more nervous. What made her think she was ready to leave home anyway? The almost-middle child, she had been well protected and taken care of by everyone else in her family. Now, she decided she best return to that security. Sarah got up to leave.

As she rose, the dark wooden double doors across the hall opened

slowly inward as if they were triggered by her rising from her chair. Once opened they revealed even more grandeur than she had seen thus far. "Thank you for coming." A tall, well-dressed man was shaking the hand of much younger and not-so-well-dressed boy. "I'll call you after I've finished all the interviews if you have the job."

"Thank you sir." The young boy bowed slightly at the waist, turned and left. Sarah couldn't stop staring. She was looking into the softest blue eyes she had ever seen. Although she was staring at the owner of this vast estate, she never noticed the five hundred dollar suit, the Italian shoes, or the diamond ring on the little finger of his right hand which he was extending to her for the hand shake.

"Hello, you must be Sarah." He guided her into the same room he had just emerged from and closed the doors. Turning to face him as he was closing the door, she was finally able to open her mouth and produce words. "Yes, I'm Sarah." It was all she could say. Never at a loss for words before, she looked down at the floor to break her own stare and to compose herself.

"Sit down, please." He motioned her to a straight chair that sat before a desk larger than her bed at home. Seating himself in the leather, tall backed chair behind the desk, he smiled more to himself than to her. "Tell me about yourself. What kind of experience have you had with horses?"

Stirring nervously in her chair, and taking a long deep breath, somehow she managed to snap out of it. Unable to look him straight in the eye, she talked to his tie. Awkwardly at first, she was able to put her words in order, although how they came out, she didn't know. The longer Sarah talked about her farm, her love of horses, and her experiences, the braver she got. By the end of her speech she was able to look into the beautiful blue eyes that focused on her from across the desk.

Mr. Paul Franzworth was admiring his next stable hand. He didn't have to hear what she was saying.

Which was a good thing, because all he could do was watch her mouth move and picture what it would look like to have those sensual lips pressed around a shiny silver bit. He could almost smell the new leather blinders against the skin of her temples. Her long, thick, black hair, which she had pulled back into a ponytail, reminded him of his finest horse's mane. Sarah was too good to be true. All the things he was looking for beauty, pose, self pride but a little shy and unsure too. He liked his new pony girls to be a little shy to start. He found the shy ones were the most fun to train.

Her silence brought him back into reality. Paul knew he had to take this all slowly. He didn't want to

"She was looking into the softest blue eyes she had ever seen."

scare Sarah away. But he also knew the slowness would add to the pleasure. From what he had heard, she hadn't been away from home all that much. Inside that unsure shyness was a passion for horses and stables which made Sarah almost physically drool with excitement when she spoke of them. To an experienced Trainer, a Master, it was not hard to read the true inner desires of this controlled young lady. "That all sounds perfect for this job. Would you be willing to move into the apartment above the stable in order to devote all your time to the stable and horses?"

"Yea, ah, yes, why not? I'm ready to leave home any time." She thought his question sounded hopeful. Maybe she was right to try for this job after all. Her confidence was returning.

"Good. Let's take a walk out to the stables," he stood up and motioned her to the door. "I'd like you to see the stables, horses and living arrangements. It may help you make up your mind about working here for me."

"OK. Sure." She stood up and walked out with him. "I'd love to see it." Why was she unable to say more than a few words at a time? He gave her a tour of the stable first. There were ten stalls, each with a well-kept beautiful horse inside. Sarah and Mr. Farnsworth stopped in front of each stall and she met each one of the horses. Instantly, she fell in love with each one of them. It was easy for Paul to see that the horses liked Sarah too. Sarah became more relaxed. They were both able to relax more around the horses. By the time they were at the tenth stall, her eyes were sparkling with excitement at the thought of caring for all these wonderful animals. The stable was clean and the smell of leather and horses was even more wonderful than on her farm. She didn't want to leave. But he was heading toward a set of stairs and telling her about the apartment at the top. Reluctantly, she turned her attention to the apartment. It was beautiful. Small, yet very modern and comfortable at the same time. She had been listening to him talk about each room as they passed through them. Sarah was glad that he had to do all the talking and, at least at this time, little response was required from her.

"If there is something that you really don't like in any of the rooms, like the color of the paint or wallpaper, I'd be willing to change it to your taste. As you can see, it's completely furnished. But if you want to bring any of your own furniture from home, we can move anything out that you don't want." He had to have this woman as his next pony girl. At the same time, he had to be sure not to appear overly anxious. Paul watched her tentatively as her eyes swept over each room during the tour. "Wow, this is great." Sarah had been sold on the job after the tour of the stable. Well, maybe even

before that. And now, this beautiful apartment was more icing on her already favorite cake. "No, I'll only have my clothes and me. And every room looks beautiful. I wouldn't think of changing anything."

"Then you'll take the job?" He had steered her down the stairs and back into the stable as she had been talking. They were standing next to a brand new saddle and bridle hanging on the gate. Sarah had to pause long enough to inhale deeply before she could answer. She wished she could pick up the leather saddle to get it closer to her nose. If he weren't looking, she would also want to rub the seat of the saddle over and over again to feel the smooth texture. How could she refuse such a perfect job? And those eyes! How could she refuse those deep blue eyes? One of the horses whinnied and snorted breaking her train of thought. It was as if the horse was saying, "Well!?"

"Yes, I'd love to take the job. When do I start?" Sarah almost giggled her answer. With more confidence, she was able to look Paul in his eyes. "Great!" he almost stammered with relief. "Today is Thursday. Why don't you take the weekend to pack and be here first thing Monday morning." He allowed the hidden smile to spread outwardly across his face. Somehow they had drifted out to her car. He was holding open her car door for her and smiling from ear to ear. The look on his face made Sarah smile too. "That will be fine." She got behind the wheel and he closed the door.

She had driven half way down the long driveway before she realized she had not talked salary, hours, or anything else about the position. Without thinking about it, she had just accepted a job, an apartment and a new life with someone she hardly knew. The smell of the leather and horses clung to her nostrils. They instantly forced out all the doubts and replaced them with what Sarah shamefully defined as feelings of deep desire. While these feelings made her feel good, really too good, she was also puzzled by the feelings of shame that came along with them. The shame was a feeling

like she used to get as a child when she knew she was thoroughly enjoying something which she knew her parents would feel was wrong. Something she enjoyed so much it was impossible to control no matter how much she loved her parents and no matter how much she knew her parents were right.

Sarah knew she should have found out about the salary and other information before saying "yes." She found it strange that she really didn't care about anything else. And what's more strange, she could hardly wait until Monday!

Sarah was driving as if in a trance. The overloaded car was magnetically drawing her to her new life. While leaving home was difficult, it too was overpowered by the thoughts of what she was going toward. If she found herself getting any doubts about whether she should have taken the job, all she had to do was to recall the sights and sounds and the deep blue eyes she had seen on Thursday.

"The stable was clean and the smell of leather and horses was even more wonderful than on her farm."

Mr. Farnsworth was in the stables when she arrived. He insisted that she get settled into her apartment first. There would be plenty of time for her to learn the stable tomorrow.

"Ed and Tom will help you carry your things upstairs. If you want any of the furniture moved or any

other help just ask one of them." Two men standing further down the row of stalls raised their hands and waved as Paul pointed to them. He smiled gently down at Sarah. Paul Farnsworth, a man of the world, well educated, and far from a silly school boy, had found it hard to think of little else all weekend but this beautiful girl. Over and over again in his mind he had planned her every training session. He found it hard to wait until the final show pony would emerge. The only thing he wasn't sure of was when this would all begin. He would have to rely on his instincts for the timing. This was a young, shy, unspoiled girl. If he tried anything too soon, she would bolt and run. Timing would mean everything.

"Thank you," she found herself unable to speak again. What was it about him? She wasn't usually this shy. It had to be those blue eyes. They were somewhat hypnotic and oh so gorgeous.

"Would you like to join me for dinner around six?" he asked. "It would give us time to get to know each other better. We could discuss a few things and finalize your arrangements." He was enjoying her discomfort. Sarah was going to make a great pony girl as he had predicted. And as he had felt before, he could hardly wait to start the training.

"Yes, I'd like that." Why couldn't she put longer sentences together? She knew more words than this. She looked down at the stable floor to try and compose herself and break the spell.

"Great. Six o'clock. Dress casually." He turned and walked towards the house. "See you then." Paul didn't want Sarah to see the grin he could no longer hide. She was fantastic. Perfect. She had looked up just as he had turned away to walk to the house. He seemed like a perfectly wonderful gentleman. What was her problem? She had to get over whatever it was before 6 o'clock tonight. Ed and Tom were walking toward her car. She followed behind them like a well-trained animal.

It was a good thing Sarah had finished unpacking long before six

o'clock. She had tried on almost every one of her outfits, trying to choose the appropriate one. None of them were to her liking. They were either too formal, too "farmerish," too loose or too whatever. She finally settled on a pink flowered sun dress. As usual she pulled her long, thick, black hair back into a ponytail and fixed it in place with a pink bow. After fussing with the large pink bow in her hair, she felt she was as ready as she'd ever be. She realized that she hadn't selected her shoes for the evening and quickly chose a pair of high heeled pumps that made her walk with an almost pony-like gait.

The main door to the mansion was opened by the butler and he ushered her in to a living room or sitting room of some sort. "Mr. Farnsworth will be right with you. Please make yourself comfortable."

Sarah wished she could make herself comfortable. She felt like she was on her first date. Trying to shake the nervousness, she walked around the room admiring the decor. Every wall, every decoration seemed to symbolize horses or some form of equestrian theme. If she felt this strange, she didn't acknowledge it mentally. She was admiring a picture on the wall when Mr. Farnsworth entered the room. Determined to control herself this time, she took a deep breath and turned to look him directly in the eyes. "This is a beautiful room. The decorations are, well, ... great!"

He had noticed her deeply breathing in. It brought a controlled smile to his face. She was trying hard to compose herself and he loved that. "Thank you. As you can see, I'm quite a horse enthusiast. There is nothing as beautiful to me as a well-groomed, well-trained horse."

"I agree." She wanted to say more but nothing else would come. Out of embarrassment, Sarah turned back to the picture on the wall. "This horse is certainly beautiful," she managed to say a bit more. Paul allowed his smile to widen when she turned away to the wall. "Yes, she was one of my original horses. Unfortunately, she is no longer with

me. She was a beautiful show horse and performed well. Her name was Shaharazade. I loved her deeply." After a moment of silence. "Can I get you a drink of some sort? Soda? Tea? Wine perhaps?" Sarah was hardly able to turn away from the picture. "Yes, thank you. Iced tea would be great if you have any."

"Sarah's excitement increased and so did her body movements."

Paul poured her iced tea from a pitcher on the bar. He poured himself a glass of wine and walked toward Sarah to hand her the tea. Sarah watched Paul cross the room in what appeared to be slow motion. How handsome he was. The older, assured man she had always pictured was now into her life. He extended the glass to her. Their hands brushed each others as the glass passed from hand to hand. The jolt of electricity that passed from his hand to Sarah's caused her hand to jerk slightly as she brought it up to her mouth to take a sip from the glass. Paul peered at her over the rim of his wine glass. How beautiful she looked. What a beautiful show pony she would make.

Was that a slight tremor from their momentary contact? He wished he could take her in his arms now and kiss her. How he wanted to force back her head with a powerful pull on that long black mane she possessed on her head. He didn't like her pink dress. Someday he would punish her for that. But for now he had to calm down, and take control of his urges. Paul sighed out loud, "Dinner is ready. Come, let me show you to the dining room."

Without saying anything, Sarah

allowed Paul to lead her by her arm through the long maze of hallways to the dining room. He pulled out her seat, then sat down himself. Paul sat at the head of the long, rich wood dining room table and Sarah sat beside him to his left. Both were lost in their own thoughts and neither spoke. Paul rang a hand bell to summon the butler. The ringing helped to break each of them from their spell. As the butler served each course, they proceeded to have a delightful conversation. Each one had their own reason for talking about the different subjects discussed at the table.

Sarah wanted to find a way to get over this odd feeling of shyness that dominated her anytime she was in his presence. She felt the only way to do this was to force herself to talk to him and force herself to think of him as any other friend or acquaintance. There had to be some distance, some respect, given to him as her employer. And she observed that decorum. However, it would be impossible for her to work with him and communicate with him intelligently if she did not get over this feeling of shyness.

Paul knew that if he ever wanted to start her training, he would have to get Sarah to do two things. He would have to get her to relax and trust him. And he would have to get her to want to become a pony girl more than anything else she had ever wanted. The second part would have to come later. Right now he had to accomplish the first part as fast as he could. Tonight would only be the beginning of part one. But, how he handled the beginning could set the stage for the ease or difficulty of part two.

Throughout the dinner, Paul led the conversation. During the appetizer he started with the specifics of the job in order to begin the evening with a safe and matter-of-fact topic. For the main course, he asked her questions about herself, her family and friends and her farm.

At first Sarah was glad that she had to say little. The explanation of the specifics of the job forced her into a more relaxed, logical thought

process. She asked questions when she needed to know more, but in general she just listened. All the information was to her liking, and made it easy and comfortable to move on to the next topic. Sarah found it natural to talk about herself, her family, her friends and farm. All safe subjects which she knew a lot about and could go on and on with her comments with no trouble. It was working. Sarah was beginning to relax. Paul continued to ask questions when appropriate about her family and the rest of the topics. And Sarah would answer with ease and flow into his next question without hesitation. They found that they were able to exchange ideas and questions and kept the conversation going all through dessert. Time had passed quickly.

Sarah felt pleased. It was working. She was able to speak intelligently, look him in his eyes and she was beginning to enjoy herself. "Would you like coffee or anything else?" He rang the bell again. "No, no thank you. I've had enough," she leaned back in her chair. "I'm so glad you came to dinner tonight Sarah. I wanted to give you all the information on your job and have some time to get to know you." He took one last sip of his coffee. "I also wanted you to know that I have to go away for a few days. I'll be leaving tomorrow and I'll return next Monday." Sarah actually looked disappointed. Or was it concern, concern for a new job with no boss available?

Just when she was getting comfortable with it all. Now he was leaving. Sarah couldn't decide if she was disappointed because she had indeed enjoyed this evening. Or was she disappointed because now she was unsure who would orient her to her new job. She was sure the disappointment was as it should be, job related.

"But don't worry," he said as soon as he saw her reaction. "I have talked to Ed. He will meet you in the stables tomorrow morning at 7 A.M. Ed has been with me for years. He will teach you everything you need to know. If you need anything at all, just ask him. That includes your apartment. If there is anything,

anything at all, Ed will be able to help. He lives on the estate too. His apartment is over the garage, in the back. The apartment over the garage in the front is the chauffeur's. You'll meet him tomorrow too. While I'm gone, if you need to go anywhere, I've instructed him to take you."

"Thank you," she was still disappointed. "You seem to have everything taken care of for me. I'm excited about starting tomorrow. Ed was very nice today. He was a big help. I'm sure I'm going to enjoy working with him." She felt like she was having trouble finding the right words again. Hadn't this meal gotten her over this. "Let's go into the living room," he got up and pulled her chair back for her. Starting to feel uncomfortable again, she said, "Maybe I

*"She followed
behind them like
a well-trained
animal."*

should go. The meal was fantastic and I'm sure you have a lot to do in getting ready to leave tomorrow."

He didn't want her to go. And he especially didn't want her to go until he felt she was more comfortable with him. It was important that she feel very good about everything while he was gone. "No, you don't need to leave," he motioned for her to sit on the couch. "I'm all packed and ready to go. Besides the evening is still young and I'd like to get to know you better."

He sat on the far end of the couch so that he wouldn't threaten her or make her too uncomfortable. "Please, please stay just a short while longer. I promise not to keep you up late. I'm sure you are tired from a long day of moving in."

His smile and those eyes would make it hard for her to refuse him even if it were something she really didn't want to do. And since she really did want to, it was impossible to say "no."

"Sure, OK." She was getting her confidence back again. "I'd like to stay for a short time. Thank you for asking me."

"Great!" Paul had succeeded again. She was going to stay. He would have time to get her mentally where he wanted her to be before his time away. He wanted to get her comfortable but leave her with something to think about. Paul would have to handle this next conversation carefully.

"Sarah, you seemed to really love horses. And anyone could see how much the horses liked you. Tell me, how long have you been riding and have you ridden in any shows?" Another safe subject, or so Sarah thought. She did love horses and riding. Now she could get more practice and more confidence with whatever was making her into a short sentenced idiot. "I've never ridden in a show. My dad bought me a pony when I was four. It was like I was born to ride. I don't think I was ever afraid. We always had horses on the farm. The stable is my favorite place to be." She hesitated trying to decide if she'd gone to far the other way. Now, maybe she was going on too much.

Paul encouraged her to continue. "I know what you mean. Any time my father or mother wanted to find me, they knew exactly where to look."

"Mine too." She turned towards him on the couch and as she continued to talk about horses, her excitement continued to mount. "The rest of my sisters were interested in learning to cook and learning what to do to look good and get the boys. But not me. I'd rather be with a horse riding through the woods or cleaning up the saddle and bridle." As she went on about the leather equipment and her favorite horse, she started to talk faster. Her eyes were soft and dreamy.

She looked as if she could see and smell and feel everything she was

talking about. Sarah's excitement increased and so did her body movements. She actually stood up and started walking around the room as she explained how it felt to be on top of the horse riding full gallop. How it felt to feel the rhythm of the horse under her. Sarah became even more excited and began prancing rapidly as she started to talk more about the horse itself.

"But can you imagine how wonderful it must feel for the horse? The freedom of the run. The sweat pouring from your whole body. The smell of the sweat drenched leather surrounding you. Have you ever seen the look on a horse's face at full gallop?" She didn't wait for an answer. As a matter of fact, she wasn't in the room. Sarah was out in the field, running at full gallop, sweat flowing out of every pore and the smell of leather filling both her nostrils. Paul couldn't believe what he was seeing. She had done it herself. She had gotten him to the exact place he wanted to be, to begin her mental pony girl training. And she was more excited than he had ever seen her. Now was the time to join in the conversation. He would have to get her close to an orgasmic state before she knew what he was doing. He rose from the couch and started following her around the room as she spoke. Paul was careful to stay far enough behind her to not intrude on her fantasy and not touch her. He didn't want to break this spell just yet. But he wanted to join in this fantasy and direct it. He tried to speak with the same level of excitement she was showing.

She was answering her own question, "He's happy, he's excited, he's having the time of his life." Sarah went on with more explanations of the horse's feelings. She finally paused to take a breath. Paul used this chance to take control of the fantasy. "I know what you mean, I've been there too. The horse and rider are one. The leather smell heightening your senses. The feel of the softened leather between your legs. The leather reins wrapped around your wrists and hands. The wind blowing in your face cooling off your sweat as it comes off your skin."

She kept prancing around the room in excitement but turned slightly to look at him. Her eyes told him that she was still in her fantasy but had now included him in it too. His tone matched hers and he kept following her around the room, yet trying to slow her down slightly. He continued the conversation at the same pitch. "Imagine this Sarah. You're a horse, a beautiful sleek black horse. It's show day and you have never looked or felt better. Your coat is shiny, your mane is impeccably groomed. Your saddle and bridle are soft, new leather and conform to each area of your body like a tight glove."

Paul was slowing the pace. He noticed that he had not broken the spell and that she was slowing her

pace to listen to what he was saying. It was working. He needed to continue.

"You know that you are the best looking, best trained horse there. Others wished they owned you. The envy shows on their faces. But you love the owner you have. You wouldn't want to be owned by anyone else. His pride in you shows on his face too. And you want to make him even prouder." She remained silent. Although her prancing was very slow now, she continued to move around the room, eyes still glazed. It was easy for her to imagine those feelings. Paul decided the time was right to bring this lesson to a finale.

"Your headdress is made of a tall red plumage and makes you want to stand taller. The smell and feel of



the leather bridle on your cheeks and around your jaw make you want to inhale and move your head so that the leather has to rub your cheeks even more. The bit makes you want to close your lips and suck it hard to keep it back against your throat. The saddle is cinched tight around your waist and causes your to struggle against it's tightness. All of this is making you wet between the legs. How can that be, because

"And he would have to get her to want to become a pony girl more than anything else she had ever wanted."

you aren't sweating anywhere else? Your hoofs are finely polished and manicured. If let loose, you know you could run faster than the wind. But you also know that your Master is not going to let you run. He keeps the reins tight. He wants you near him, with him at all times. And you want to be with him."

He stopped to watch the transformation of Sarah. She had stopped prancing completely. Her eyes were still glazed with excitement but her body language told him that she was a different pony now. A proud, polished show pony. She had heard every word and it was turning her on. It was obvious to Paul that she was fighting her own instincts. Her instincts were to give in, to enjoy the fantasy painted for her by his story. But the controlled, untouched girl was fighting hard to get control of her thoughts. In a matter of seconds, Sarah was transformed from a proud show pony back into the good

girl from the farm. He also knew that when she came completely back to reality she would be utterly embarrassed. There had to be a way for him to preserve the positive feelings she brought on herself with a little help from him.

"Oh Sarah, what fun it would be for us to go to a horse show. We both love horses so much and we seem to enjoy each others company." Paul was speaking in a softer, quieter tone. As he spoke he moved back to the couch and repositioned himself as he had been before the fantasy began.

Sarah was slowly coming back into the room. What had she done? Why was she standing up? Had she imagined the whole thing and had she made a fool out of herself? She couldn't remember.

"You're right Sarah. The horses have all the fun. They get to run, get a good rub down and then get to go back to their stalls to enjoy good food. What more could any of us ask for?" Paul tried to speak gently but matter-of-factly, as if they were just having the usual conversation about horses.

"Um, Yes, It does sound lovely," she stammered. Her eyes were completely focused now. She noticed that he seemed to be sitting there as if nothing odd had happened. Maybe she had imagined the fantasy part. "I'll tell you what," he stood and walked over to the book shelf and retrieved a book. Maybe he didn't notice anything unusual. I have spent a great deal of time alone, fantasizing about horses and the smell of leather. I must have done some of that here while he was talking. He must have thought I was listening to all he was saying. She walked over to the couch and sat where she had been sitting before she pranced around the room. Did she really prance?

Paul handed her a book. "While I'm away why don't you look over this book. I think you'll find it interesting. It has beautiful pictures of very famous show ponies. Their outfits and presentations are well illustrated."

"Thank you," she reached out and accepted the book. Why is he acting so normal? Couldn't he see I was

being strange? Or was I? She leafed through the pages quickly. "They all look so beautiful."

"Shaharazade is in there. See if you can find her before I return."

"OK. I'd enjoy looking through here." Sarah was trying to act completely normal. Evidently, she had not made a fool out of herself. He wouldn't be acting like this. All must be well. "Great. We'll get together when I get back and you can tell me which one you liked the best."

"I can tell you that now. I'm sure it will be Shaharazade," she smiled up at him shyly. It was working again. He had succeeded at putting her at ease. She isn't sure what happened. All she knows is that I am acting the same as before the fantasy. Therefore, she must have dreamt it all. He smiled kindly back at her. Sarah felt it was time to leave. She needed time to collect herself. It might be best to go while things were still positive. "Thank you for a lovely evening, and for the book," she stood up and moved toward the door. "You're welcome. I have enjoyed it too. I can see that we both have a great appreciation for these beasts." He moved toward the door with her and as he was moving he slowly opened the front door for her as she passed close to him.

"She kept prancing around the room in excitement but turned slightly to look at him."

She turned toward him and stood in the doorway. As she looked up into his deep, soft blue eyes, she thought she was going to slip back into her dream world. His eyes were hypnotizing her again. Sarah had to revert her eyes to his tie again.



As he had all evening, Paul came to her rescue. "Thank you for coming. Don't forget to ask Ed for anything you need. By the time I come back, you and the horses will be old friends. I can see they like you as much as you like them." He'd gotten her back to a safe subject. "Have a good trip," She was able to look up at him again. "I'm sure Ed and I will do fine. I am looking forward to getting on with my job here."

"I'm sure you'll do fine too. Ed may not have much to teach you. It looks like it may all come naturally for you." She smiled and turned to

walk away. "Good night." What a nice evening this had been after all. Good food, warm feelings and the ability to look at him and speak at the same time. She giggled silently at the thought of having to work so hard to sound even somewhat intelligent. I wish he weren't leaving.

"Good night Sarah. I'll see you next week." He closed the door and smiled. Paul leaned against the door and quickly reviewed the evening in his mind. It had gone as he had planned. Although he had to admit he hadn't planned the training part to be so easy. He would have never

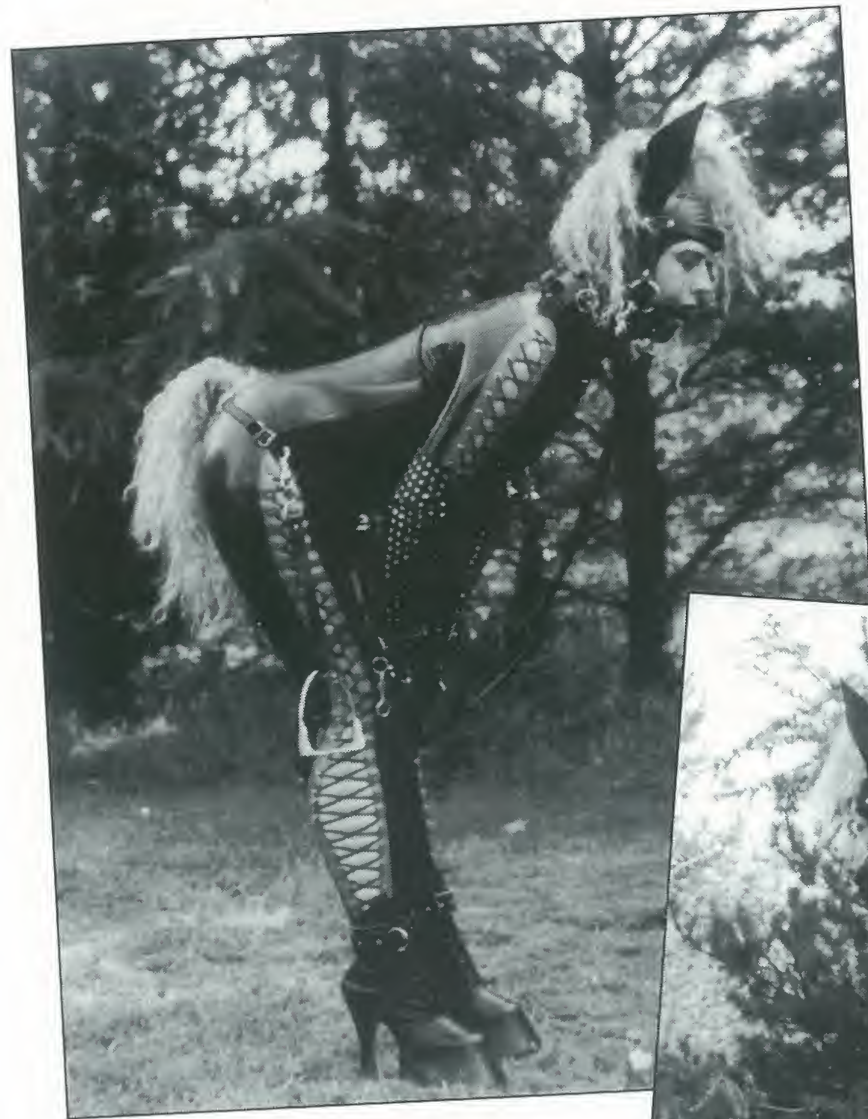
guessed that she would have almost did it to herself. She definitely was going to make a great pony girl. He knew she would look at those pictures while he was gone. The next step to achieving part one was in place.

Sarah undressed and threw her clothes on the floor. She wasn't usually so careless, but tonight had been so strange. One minute she was shy and inhibited, the next moment relaxed and comfortable. Then the next minute she was in another world. She was on the horse, then she was the horse, then she was so turned on. What made her feel like that? It was like he had put something in her drink and she had lost track of time and place. But if it did happen, why was he acting so natural? Wouldn't he at least have been looking at her as if she were crazy? Wouldn't he have thrown her out of his house or maybe even fired her? If she had indeed done what she thought she had done, he would have said something. Therefore, it must not have happened.

She started to skim quickly through the book Paul had given her. The pictures were beautiful. The horses proud and perfect. The saddles and bridles exquisite. Sarah could almost smell the new leather. She could hear the horses snorting as if they were above all the rest of their peers.

It was late. She had to get up early and start her new job in the morning. Although she had been looking forward to this new job, she found herself also looking forward to the end of the day. Then, after all her work was finished, she could come back up to her own apartment and sit nude in the middle of the bed to look through the book. But now she had to get ready for bed, to sleep and dream. As she crawled off the bed, she noticed the wetness left behind on the bed spread. Ω

*Part 2 of 3
will continue next issue.*



Photos by Mathias Rolfs



Human Pony Photo Gallery





Equus Eroticus Interview

This is an interview with Mike Derrick from East Hartford, CT; who is a pony boy and proud to be one. Mike is the owner of THE WATER HOLE CUSTOM LEATHER and personally makes all of his own leather equipment in his own store which has been open for almost 3 years. He has been married for 18 years and has two children, a boy and a girl. He enjoys bike riding with his kids, scuba diving and swimming. He jokingly refers to his leather work as "a hobby that got out of hand." One of his greatest satisfactions in life is seeing his customers walk out of his store happy and excited about their new toys. He believes in making quality leather items for a reasonable price and he can design or make anything in leather.

EQUUS EROTICUS: When did you develop an interest in making leather items?

MIKE: When I was 35. I had just finished rebuilding my house and found myself with some extra time. My wife and I had recently met a wonderful lady from Long Island and she was helping my wife dominate me. Earlier during our marriage, this had happened several times. I really wanted to impress this lady and she loved leather work, so I took several classes at a local Tandy Leather Store. I made a few leather items and she showed them off. She found people who liked them, so I made a few more items and soon I had a small business at home. It was not until I lost my job of 20 years that I opened up my own store.

EQUUS EROTICUS: When did you first become a pony boy?

MIKE: The lady from Long Island and I met one night and she placed me on all fours. She then climbed on my back and commanded me, "Go pony." The feeling of her on my back as she rode me was really great. I liked being called "pony" instead of slave and she started calling me that more often. At play parties I always felt special. I wasn't put down like a slave or sub. I was respected, always petted and nice things were said

about me. It made me feel good and, as time went on, being treated like a pony was all I wanted. It gave me confidence and also put me in decent shape. Having a person ride on your back for any length of time is great physical exercise.

EQUUS EROTICUS: How long have you been a pony boy and why do you find this interest exciting?

MIKE: I have been a pony boy for 7 years and because it is different. I am usually the only pony boy or even human pony at a play party. I like showing off and it certainly attracts a great deal of attention.

EQUUS EROTICUS: What has been the most exciting aspect of you being a pony boy?

MIKE: At The Eulenspiegel Society's 25th Anniversary Party, in the vending area, I gave Mistress Mir a demonstration ride. When I let her down every one there applauded and that made me feel great.

EQUUS EROTICUS: How do your riders react while they are riding you and how do they feel?

MIKE: They seem to enjoy it, although no one thus far has known how to guide me with the reins. The lady I mentioned earlier blindfolded me once and inserted ear plugs in my ears. In order to follow her directions I had to feel her pulling the reins. This was extremely exciting to me!

EQUUS EROTICUS: Describe all the products you can make in your store?

MIKE: This could be a long list, but in general; saddles, bridles, halters, body harnesses, pony tails in different styles, head harnesses, gags, blindfolds, whips, paddles, cuffs, suspension cuffs of all types and most anything you can think or dream of. The list goes on and on. I also do regular items like hand bags,

belts, gun holsters, etc. I also do repairs so don't discard your old leather items, just have me revitalize them.

EQUUS EROTICUS: Has there been an increase in activity regarding harnesses and riding equipment for pony girls and boys in the last several years?

"At play parties I always felt special. I wasn't put down like a slave or sub. I was respected, always petted and nice things were said about me. It made me feel good and, as time went on, being treated like a pony was all I wanted."

MIKE: I feel human ponies are the next wave of the leather fetish to come out of the closet. I have been getting a lot of interest in the pony gear I stock. One has to be wary as many people are making pony gear, but not many have the experience in making and repairing real horse tack or testing their equipment to make sure it does what they claim. I try to use real horse tack techniques in each piece of pony gear I make. The saddle I sell is a real Western Saddle, built from the tree on up.

EQUUS EROTICUS: Why do you think this activity (fetish) is becoming more popular?

MIKE: People are always looking for new and exciting things to experiment with and for the less severe S&M people it is perfect as no one mistreats a pony. The pony usually gets pretty spoiled since they can't talk and use their hands. The trainer decides what harness and gear the pony wears and the pony just has to perform. Also, if you love leather and bondage this is perfect as the pony gets harnessed and leather straps are used everywhere. The pony doesn't have the use of their hands and is quite helpless and dependent on the trainer or rider.

EQUUS EROTICUS: Describe the "average" customer that requests and buys pony girl and boy equipment?

MIKE: You can't because they look like everyone else out on the street. They are really enthusiastic when it comes to buying things. They become real excited in my shop

because I have one of the few stores that carry a complete selection of pony gear in stock.

EQUUS EROTICUS: Do you sell a lot of equipment to people in other countries?

MIKE: I have sent pony tails and my modular pony head harnesses to England, Australia, and Japan.

EQUUS EROTICUS: Describe some memorable experiences you have had with customers?

MIKE: All of them have been really great, many are shy to begin with, but wind up grinning from ear to ear and telling their friends about my tack shop. Maybe if I had to pick an example, it was the time a group of three people walked into my store. A female dominant with a male and female submissive. After completing a sale I always joke to the customers, "Would you like a bag or would you rather wear this out?" After I said that; they all looked at each other and the female dominant put the cuffs and collar on the submissive female, hooked the leash and hauled her out the door.

EQUUS EROTICUS: What would you advise people who are thinking about this activity, but are unsure about "Equestrian Training?"

MIKE: I tell them to try it once and if they think they enjoy it, do it again. It is not for everyone. There is a bit more play acting in it and for the pony they have to be in fairly good shape even for just "show pony" dressage work. Since the pony is on display all the time they should look well groomed and trained.

"I feel human ponies are the next wave of the leather fetish to come out of the closet. I have been getting a lot of interest in the pony gear I stock."

EQUUS EROTICUS: If someone and their partner want to start pony training, what advice would you give to beginners interested in this activity?

MIKE: Take it easy at first and use simple gear to see if you like playing the pony or the rider. Pony gear isn't cheap. Playing "horsie" is really fun, but this fetish isn't for everyone. Many people just like to observe ponies,

trainers and riders enjoying themselves while they just watch the spectacle.

EQUUS EROTICUS: Do you have any unusual or embarrassing experience while being a pony boy?

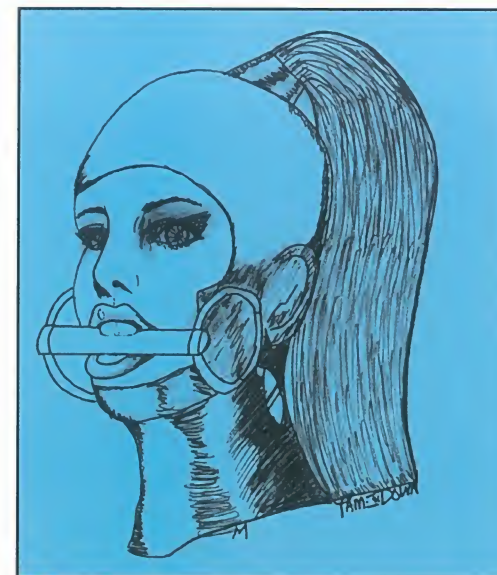
MIKE: I felt very awkward at first being a pony boy wearing just a tail. After all, I was the only person there with a tail and it does take some getting used to.

EQUUS EROTICUS: Do you have any rules for proper play between masters and mistresses and their human ponies?

MIKE: The most thing is to treat a pony as a pony and not as a human. For example, when the lady from Long Island calls me "pony," I will walk to her or when she says "Buck," which is my pony name, then I know not to answer with anything but a whinny or snorts and my

hands go to my sides or behind me clasped together. She then puts the appropriate tack on me like a halter or bridle. Like a collar for a slave, a halter or bridle for a pony is very important. As for others playing with the pony they must ask the trainer, master or mistress (whoever is in control of the pony) just like you would if it were a real pony. No one ever talks to the pony, except to comment to them on how nice they look or "Good pony." If the trainer hands the reins to another person then the pony usually follows, but ponies can act up a little if there is something they do not like. If the pony is touched where they do not like it, then the person who touched them could get kicked and this is appropriate behavior for a pony. Expecting to mistreat a pony in any manner just because you may be a dominant is the wrong attitude. Ω

See inside front cover for *THE WATER HOLE CUSTOM LEATHER* advertisement.



Hi! I'm pony girl "Tame Down," and welcome to the Premiere Issue of "Equus Eroticus," the first magazine in America devoted exclusively to the world of training and riding of human ponies, both men and women. It will be my pleasure to answer questions of what it is like to be a pony girl and to write articles about my experiences under my wonderful Master Paul, the world's greatest human pony trainer and rider (well at least in my humble opinion, but he is the Editor and Publisher of this Magazine so I guess I should say that.)

Write to me (my address is at the end of this article) with your questions, with your problems and with your joys so I can help you as either a pony or a rider, have the best possible erotic pony experiences. Especially you pony girls who have a hard time expressing yourselves. I know it is hard to express yourself with a bit in your mouth and only being allowed to whinny, but maybe your master or mistress will allow you to write to me, a real life pony girl. I certainly hope so.

Let me tell you, my dear readers, a little about myself and how I became a happy pony girl. I grew up in a small rural town in the Canadian Prairie. I did two things growing up, going to school and taking care of horses. Real horses as in the Wild West. I learned to care for these beautiful steeds, to train them and of course to ride them. Now I have really come to understand what it means to be a horse.

In fact I was once the Fort McMurray Rodeo Queen, I told you I came from a small town. In the following issues to come, I will tell you how I went from being the Rodeo Queen to becoming the Queen of the Human Pony Girls.

I hope you like my centerfold as much as I did posing for it.

Pony Girl "Tame Down"

From Tame Down's Stall

by Tame Down

illustration by Tame Down

Letters to Tame Down

Dear Pony Girl,

I have a problem. I want to ride my husband as my pony boy and I don't know how to ask him without scaring him. I have fantasized as riding my dear hubby ever since we got married, guess you might say since we got "hitched," but have been too timid to ask him. I don't want him to get the wrong idea and reject me. Can you give me some advice on how to approach him with this problem.

Timid Rider, Vermont

continued on page 28



Pony Girl

"Tame Down"



Dear Timid Rider,

I know what you mean. I've had the same problem in reverse. You're right though, riding is a great way of getting to know your partner, to help strengthen your relationship and to have some good old plain fun. I always think of it as a great communication level, between rider and pony. My number one rule is both of you should be open-minded. It's also important to have a great imagination. The other important aspect to this type of role playing is for both rider and pony is to be understanding of each other's needs and desires. The reason why most relationships don't work out is that the effort to please and understand decreases once the "excitement" of exploring each other becomes old. Approach your husband when he starts to open up to you and when he's relaxed. You can help him to relax and then bring up this subject. Ask him what turns him on sexually and then tell him what turns you on. Tell him it would be a thrill to ride him. I'm sure he will understand both your honesty and your love for him. With patience and perhaps a little coaxing he soon will be your pony boy. Maybe even reverse roles. You might enjoy being ridden as his pony girl. Then you will know what it is like to be me. Good luck!

Dear Pony Girl,

It's about time there was a magazine that caters to the lovers of human ponies, their training and riding. Congratulations! I am a true and faithful pony girl, writing at the beck and call of my Master and Trainer, Sir Robert. He wants to know where he can find Riding Mistresses to ride me so he can watch his pony girl being ridden by a Lady. Any ideas?

Toni the Pony, California

Dear Toni the Pony,

You must have a wonderful owner. Do you think he'd like to take

me out on the track? But seriously, you should try going on the Internet. There are several riding clubs, mostly in England but try the on-line service AOL as there are several Riding Mistresses (check member profiles) who would be happy to accommodate you. And now, of course there is this publication which hopefully, will become a center and focus of human pony activity in the U.S. and Canada. I'm sure your Master will find many women to ride you for his pleasure. Good luck! ♪

*Write any letters,
comments, questions, etc. to:*

Tame Down
c/o Magic Pony Productions
P.O. Box 2408
Germantown, MD
20875-2408



The Morning Ride

by Tame Down

There I was, waiting in my stall, just waiting for my Mistress to ride me into the valley for her morning ride. Like every morning, right on time, I hear my Mistress' footsteps, actually boot steps, as she approaches the barn in which she keeps me in my own personal stall. I get excited as her footsteps get louder and louder. I pace back and forth in my stall, as far as by reins will allow me to move, back and forth, yearning more than I can describe, to be ridden by my powerful and beautiful Mistress.

She enters the barn and I pull eagerly on my reins. As she opens the door to my stall, I cannot control a whinny to greet my Mistress. I hope that she doesn't consider this "talking" which is forbidden by any of her stable of pony girls. She just pats my head and begins to brush out my long, thick blond mane, which has become tangled while laying in my stall. Oh this feels so good! I can't contain myself and whinny in pure pony girl delight at my Mistress' attention. She truly knows how to groom her steed.

My Mistress slowly adds the finishing touches to my grooming and pets me, lovingly, once more. She then brings over my tack for the morning ride. As she presents me with my bridle, I eagerly open my mouth to accept my bit which my Mistress forces deep into my waiting mouth. I grab the bit with my teeth to insure a tight fit. I know that this pleases my elegant rider and my Mistress. It pleases her that I am such a well-trained pony girl. She leads me out of my stall and then places the saddle blanket on my back. I can smell the scent of my sweat from yesterday's last ride. Now I feel the saddle fixed tightly on my back and around by girth. This always truly makes me feel like a pony girl,

owned by my Mistress, as she tightens the saddle, making certain it will not slip while she rides me.

As my Mistress leads me out of the barn, I catch my first breath of fresh air and feel the morning wind blowing my long mane into my nose and eyes. I am now waiting for that inevitable moment when my Mistress will mount me and settle herself into the saddle, becoming one with her pony girl for her morning ride. As my Mistress mounts me, I love the feel of all of her weight on me, as she squeezes her legs around

*"As she presents me
with my bridle,
I eagerly open my
mouth to accept my
bit which Mistress
forces deep into my
waiting mouth."*

my waist I know that this is the silent signal to move out and I do so at once, into a walk. We walk at a leisurely pace down the path that leads to the open field. My Mistress dismounts from my saddled back and pats me on my shoulder. She can see that I am now warmed up and ready for more riding, for her pleasure.

We pause for this wonderful moment, my Mistress holding my reins in her lovely hands, we both look at the green field where she will ride me. She again mounts me, I kneel gracefully to assist her in mounting me, and with a hard kick to my thigh, we are off at a fast trot into the open field. As we trot along the edge of the field, I notice a small fox dart out of the woods and I veer to the left to avoid the fox. I try to avoid throwing my mounted Mistress. My Mistress recognizes the situation and quickly calms me. She slows me to a walk and says, "That's OK, girl. You're doing just fine." I try to look back at my glorious Mistress and smile and whinny to answer her because this is the only manner in which a pony girl may "talk."

Without being commanded I begin to crow hop and high step proudly through the tall grass. I can tell that this is pleasing my Mistress because I don't feel the crack of her riding crop.

I see a rider in the far distance. I see that she is astride a pony boy. I snort loudly to alert my Mistress. "Let's go, at a fast trot to catch up to her." My Mistress says to me as she also swats my thigh with her riding crop to get me to change my gait. "I want to see who's out at this hour. Hurry, pony!" As we get closer I see that the rider is a woman who is wearing a long flowing gown that practically covers her pony boy completely. She is also adorned in a most unusual headpiece, a high cone-like hat with a trailing train of transparent fabric coming from the top of the hat's cone. I can tell that she is a Princess. As we get astride this royal lady I see that her pony boy looks sturdy with a fresh sweat on his brow. He looks like he could carry his rider another ten miles

without any difficulty. The Princess has an ageless look with piercing bright green eyes and bright red lipstick. In one of her hands she is holding a quirt and her pony's reins in her other hand. As we catch up to her she pulls on her pony boy's reins and brings him to a stop. My Mistress does the same with me.

As the Princess dismounts from her pony boy I am amazed at how small her mount is. I see that I am much taller than he is. I whinny

“As the Princess dismounts from her pony boy I am amazed at how small her mount is.”

slightly to let him know that I have the advantage.

My Mistress dismounts from the saddle affixed to my back. I now pace slightly side to side, for I know that I am not supposed to move when my rider dismounts but just patiently wait to be remounted again. I sniff the pony boy. He tries to keep himself away from me, knowing that his Royal Owner will most likely punish him for being so “forward” with a pony girl from another stable.

My Mistress greets the Princess with a polite curtsy and a smile, “Pleasant surprise, meeting Your Highness, Lady Giselle,” my Mistress now notices the Princess' pony boy, “What a scrawny pony, maybe Your Highness should feed him more oats.” My Mistress opens my saddle bag and takes out a plastic bag filled with my favorite treat, Cheerios. “Here, I always have some with my steed, in case she needs some nourishment while out riding,”

offering the bag to the Princess. I bow down in a begging trick, hoping that I will be fed some of these good-tasting oats, not the normal horse feed that is my usual diet, hoping that I will receive a pony treat for showing how eager I am to please my Mistress and the Royal Princess. But, alas, neither my Mistress nor the Princess pay the slightest attention to my pony trick. The Princess opens the plastic bag and smells its contents, “These really are Cheerios. Do you often feed your pony girl people food?” she asks incredulously. “Only when she's been a really good pony girl and has given me a perfect ride.” I know that she is telling the truth.

The Princess pours some of the Cheerios into her elegant hand and presents them to her pony boy's mouth. “Go on, eat them, boy, you've done a good job today. But, be careful not to bit the hand that feeds you!” The Princess' pony boy gloats with a sassy grin and carefully nibbles the Cherrios from his owner's outstretched palm, careful not to dare touch her Royal Palm. I am shocked. Why didn't my Mistress offer me a pony treat? I feel that I deserve some, too. I am wondering why my Mistress is ignoring me. I feel neglected. My Mistress notices my sad demeanor and pats my head, “Don't worry, pony, you'll get some after your morning workout. I don't want you trotting on a full tummy. We can then race back to the barn.” I smile and make as nice a whinny as I can as my Mistress mounts me to continue my morning workout.

The Princess Giselle says, “You had better cool her off before you get home,” as she mounts her pony boy. “Don't worry, Your Highness, I have a set routine planned.” The Princess pulls back on her pony's reins, “You are wonderful Riding Mistress, Kathryn. Oh, I almost forgot. I have a present for you.” The Princess Giselle takes a small box out of her pony's saddle bag and hands it to my Mistress. “Go on, open it,” intones the Princess. My Mistress opens the box and finds a pair of earrings in the form of stirrups. She is pleasantly surprised, “Are these for me or my

pony girl?” The Princess laughs a regal laugh, “They are made of solid gold. You decide who should wear them.” My Mistress is taken by surprise. “I'm sorry that I didn't have a present for Your Royal Highness.” The Princess replies, “But you did, Kathryn. The oats for my scrawny pony.” I look at and wink at the pony boy. My Mistress notices my transgression and corrects me with a quick hard slap of the reins to my naked bottom. The Princess looks with an air of approval at my Mistress' correction. “Well, I must go and ride those oats off my pony. Pleasant riding, Kathryn.” The Princess rides off into her pasture land, her royal train flowing behind her from her high hat.

My Mistress does not say anything else to me. She just strikes me with the crop and off I trot into the meadow for my morning workout. The only thing I am thinking is to be a perfect pony girl and retain the praise of my Mistress when she brings me back to the barn for my mid-day hose down and rest. I love

*“Only when she's been a really good pony girl and has given me a perfect ride.”
I know that she is telling the truth.*

belonging to my wonderful Mistress and am very sad on the long days when I simply wait on my stall for her to come to her country estate to ride me. Ω

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ADULTS ONLY

Tales from the Rubber Pony

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL PROFILE

by Bryan Milhous

This is the first in a series of articles that explains how a male discovers he enjoys being a pony boy and becomes known as the "Rubber Pony."

In the Beginning...

As a regular ringmaster of pony shows and an active centerpiece "pony" participating in Breeding Stable Parties, I am often asked just exactly how I became involved in the pony girl/boy scene, and how did the rubber "pony" outfit come about. Having just recently presented a pony demonstration at The Eulenspiegel Society's 25th Anniversary gathering in New York City, I was once again struck by the number of inquiries both into the pony scene and into my own personal involvement with it. So, in answer to all the requests, and to afford the many interested people a glimpse into the scene, here is how it happened.

First, though, two important realities of my life need to be stated. I have always been a very active and avid "rubberist," as with many rubberists, having come by the fetish early in childhood. In fact, my first sexual encounter was in a nice shiny wet suit. So rubber is an underlying certainty with all of my thoughts and actions. Equally important and as "soul deep," to me has been my enduring love of horses and ponies. They are more than just animals or pets, in fact, in a passive way, they are spiritual landmarks in my life. I hadn't realized it before but it is clear to me that I had been seeking to merge the two all my life.

So with these two truths in mind, let me begin.

Some time back, shortly after finishing college, I was living with some friends in a rented house near the campus of major Eastern University. As a kid and all through high school I had been an avid rider and horse person and looked forward to someday owning my own horse. Now, a few years out of college, circumstances had allowed me to do just that, own my own horse and I was happily riding regularly.

Also at this time I was working on what was the beginnings of a set of anthropomorphic novellas and novels. These science fiction and fantasy books extended my personal connection to horses by casting the characters as intelligent, sentient and erect standing horses.



One particularly fine evening my trainer Amy and I were working with my intrepid horse on a lunge line. A lunge line is a long rope with that the trainer uses to control the horse from the center of a circle. Usually there is no rider but sometimes a rider can work the reins to train the horse best when being lunged. At one point during this ride Amy suggested that I stand in the saddle, move forward on his neck and pull in the reins in preparation of stopping him in such a way as to literally pull him back onto his hind quarters' thus forcing him off his forehead, as it is said.

Just prior to the intended act, with me perched precariously forward, my horse tripped falling forward in a scramble to retain his balance. I was body slammed, face first into the arena's dirt. It is said of good riders, that no matter the severity of the fall they get back on. However, contrary to the valor this particular piece of reputed good "horse sense," I called it quits for the evening, embarked in my VW Rabbit, and proceeded, stunned and dazed, back to my place in the city.

Arriving back at the house, I was surprised to find the lights ablaze and festivities raging all about. Clearly some form of midsummer party was underway and try as I might, I could not recall any of my roommates having told me of any such soiree, planned, conceived or concocted for that evening.

So, in dirty riding breeches, muddy riding boots, and slightly bloodstained and torn shirt and now profusely aching, I dragged myself up the front steps and through the door into the festive proceedings, looking as if I had been mugged by the four horsemen of the apocalypse.

John my roommate and his girlfriend, dedicated devotees of Renaissance Faire affairs, had decided at the last minute to move a summer solstice celebration to our humble and very small house. My sudden appearance at the door surprised everyone. In particular, a group of folks who had gathered around my drafting table and desk. This crowd, lead by a short ball of

energy named Christine, was at that very moment holding up a set of my more risqué illustrations for a fantasy novel. Before I could speak, John's voice sang out from the other room, "That's him! He's the writer and artist!"

And thus I met the Christine, a bubbly "artsy-craftsy" type who took an immediate liking to me and who, unbeknownst to her, was the actual progenitor of my personal pony scene. How, from all this did the "pony" come about? Well, Christine, an occasionally published poet invited me (cornered me, actually) to join a writing group she was sponsoring. It was a group of writers whom she dearly loved to have around her. I attended a few meetings, got to know some folks but I didn't really participate much. However by this time Christine had read most of my novel.

Shortly thereafter, I received a call from her inviting me to a party she planned to hold in September. An "authors" party, to be exact. At first I thought this would be great fun until a few days later when I happened to be speaking to Christine's boyfriend. He asked if I was going to the get-together and whom would I be going as.

"Going as?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes, going as. After all, the 'essence' of an author's party is that the author comes dressed AS ONE OF THEIR CHARACTERS from their books."

Now that fact, she didn't tell me. Clearly she hoped to surprise me by the fact that I would not be able to attend dressed as one of my characters! Or would I? It took half a second to envision a rubber pony costume. I knew immediately upon thinking of the idea that I could make that! I could make this costume and turn the tables by showing up and surprising her! So was born

the "Pony" costume. As is common with most sudden ideas, thinking of it, and doing it are two different things, but I was driven by an sudden inner desire to wear such a costume during bed play!

The author's party was pushed back several times, and the challenge proved more formidable than I thought. And it wasn't until I was living at the house (where the riding fall described earlier had taken place) that I actually finally figured out the "head" design.

"Having just recently presented a pony demonstration at The Eulenspiegel Society's 25th Anniversary gathering in New York City, I was once again struck by the number of inquiries both into the pony scene and into my own personal involvement with it."

Having some experience with costume design, I knew that the best hope to make a "rubber" horse head without going through the rubber casting process (requiring a very difficult master called an "armature") was to use foam rubber pieces to assemble the main face. The actual head would be a simple foam rubber copy of a full diving hood. I also knew that I wanted a rubber body suit, with openings from front to back to allow access for sex and for the tail, so "tail pants" (latex Bermuda briefs) were acquired with a sheath component which could be trimmed away.

The greatest challenge, though, lay in the hoof boots. How to form "hooves" which looked reasonably realistic but which were also very functional. No matter what design I thought of, it was clear that what I would be attempting was high heeled boots without the heel! This problem stumped me for some time before I solved it, which I managed to do finally.

So over the course of the year, I went to work, acquiring materials and learning to cut, trim and fit rubber. It helped having had experience repairing wet suits but there was far more effort to it than I originally anticipated. Was it worth it? I often thought. There were times when it did seem hopeless but then suddenly, as plain as day, the fantasy of love play with some horse women (yes, I had a few in mind) kept me going. In fact, just the thought of wearing the costume, even if I never found a cooperative lady, got me through.

All this, of course, was a private, internalized fantasy. In fact, I was sure there were no others with even the remotest interest in such play. To an extent the idea of attending a party now was fading as the real sexual purpose of the suit was dominating my mind.

To me, the suits purpose was so obvious, so self gratifying in a wholly kinky way. How on Earth could I possibly wear such a personal statement of "want" in public?

In August of that year, almost one year after I began the whole process, I had completed the suit. The author's party had, almost like clockwork, been pushed back again. And then again and again. When Christine moved to Rochester the party faded from thought.

Here I was with a wonderful suit but no lady (who would even consider!), and no place to play. Still

though, a wonderful suit. Despite no one to play with I spent a lot of time improving it, and even self-photographing me as the “pony” to improve my illustrations for my book. Wearing it brought my equine soul out and enhanced my sexual feeling. Setting up sexual contraptions to play with gave me hours of enjoyment, and exploded my fantasy into full bloom. The suit brought out the best in me.

During the summer I had moved my horse from where I lived to a stable in the next town. This was a much larger operation and had numerous borders including Amanda, a mother of three with an equal number of horses. She and her husband, a local senior executive, were British and had become the self-appointed organizers of parties at the horse farm.

One nice late October day I was at the barn finishing up putting my horse away when Amanda came up to me. “Mr. Milhoud,” she began, “Are you free next Saturday Night? Of course you are!”

Amanda, true to her British heritage, possessed that very distinct eccentricity that has been a pride of the English since Norman and his Invasions. Amanda had planned for a costume party for Halloween at her lakeside home and had carefully been selecting folks to attend. I was one of two from the barn, the other being a lady named Jan who boarded a Morgan two stall aisles over from my horse. I barely knew who she was.

Now I have never been much of a party goer. In fact, I am quite the shy one and I made my usual attempt to beg, politely, out of it. But that was not in Amanda’s plans. That stout British resilience, peppered by a hint of loftiness, feared by emperors and dictators alike throughout European history, did not allow for any such escapes. It was already decided. I, it was made clear to me, would be attending.

“And oh by the way,” Amanda added, “It’s a COSTUME party and there shall be NO EXCUSES accepted for not coming in costume. Seven o’clock prompt, dear.”

Now then, what was I to do?

I panicked. Costume? I had no costume. Every time I had been roped into something similar I had worn my riding outfit with boots and cap but that tactic would hardly work at what would be a party of horse people. Riding costumes? I think not.

En route home I pondered the problem. What was I to do? I wondered all the way home and kept doing so right up to the closet which I opened to put my coat away. And starring me in the face was the answer!

Or was it?

Did I dare wear the “Pony” suit? For a days I churned this burning emotional problem over and over

“It is said of good riders, that no matter the severity of the fall they get back on.”

until I had burned up such time as to leave me no choice. So, with great trepidation, I grabbed the costume, donned it save the head and hoof boots. I had decided to go as the character in the book as I had planned for the author’s party. I had the flight suit and helmet that I had used for the book’s pictures so I wore that over the rubber suit. Perfect! I grabbed the head, hoof boots, and helmet and drove to the party promptly at 7 P.M.

Now Amanda Kent had a reputation for setting a fine party table at their large lakeside home. So I knew I could count on an evening of fine food and drink but I would have to watch it as not to overheat in the tight latex body suit.

When Amanda opened the door

and saw the costume she was thrilled. When she saw the head she was amazed. She thought the whole thing was “so creative” and directed me to a room upstairs where I could “ready up” the rest of the way, informing me to “wear the head as much as possible.” I quickly put on the boots, the head, and the flight suit and headed out into the party.

People were now promptly arriving (in the manner that makes 15 minutes late, “prompt,”) and true to Amanda’s demands, each was costumed. I was a little surprised. While I knew some of the folks, most I did not. Before long there was easily thirty people in the main room.

Now in this horse head costume, with long mane and tail, (tails are appropriate at formal gatherings are they not?), it was difficult, nay, impossible to eat. But then, I was only marginally there for the food. I managed to string some straws together to drink champagne through the long snout. It was all that much more “creative” as Amanda said.

I was well into my third glass of “brut” (ponies have particular tastes in the realm of the “bubbly”) when I felt a body nudge up to me from behind. A hand snaked quickly into the open flight suit, drawing a squeaky finger across the rubber suit. “So, is that a rubber cat suit you have on beneath that flight suit?” A voice asked.

Shocked, I turned about to face the speaker not an easy task in a horse head with vision like that of a real horse, out the sides but not directly out the front. Next to me stood a 5’ 6”, dark haired, dark eyed, lady of about my age, maybe a little older, wearing a tight leather jacket, leather micro skirt, hip high boots and a leather pilot’s cap. In fact, it was Jan, the other boarder at the farm whom I had barely met. She always kept to herself and in fact was noted for her coldness.

She did not seem all that chilled tonight.

“Uh, er... yes,” I admitted, embarrassed. After all, I knew what the suit was really about and I could not divorce my thoughts from a more

innocent view that most might have of it. To me it was a pony sex suit and that was that!

I chatted blithely a bit, babbled actually, switching subjects to horses in general. It was not easy carrying on a conversation with the horse head on. It was hard to hear and I couldn’t tell how I was being heard. But it did provide a wonderful cover for my red faced embarrassment. I zipped the flight suit up.

Jan moved on and I breathed a sigh of relief. I spied her heading

“When Amanda opened the door and saw the costume she was thrilled.”

over to and chatting with Amanda privately. That gave me the opportunity to fetch some more champagne. Mine had warmed considerably.

I turned to the table where the “bubbly” was and was pouring myself a taller glass of the stuff when I felt the flight suit unzip again and a hand roaming the suit. A little lower down this time.

“Is that a full cat suit?”

Jan again.

Now I was beginning to wonder about her. But true to my poor tortured Catholic upbringing, the wondering came in a dual voice, the good “voice” telling me it wasn’t what I thought it was and the bad “voice” telling me it was, so what was I going to do about it? The only result of this internal debate was for me to start sweating profusely, and warming the champagne yet again.

“Yes, it’s a full suit.”

“Feet or not?”

“No feet,” I answered.

“Where did you get it?”

The questions went on. She had cornered me pretty well now so I just answered them as best I could.

Most males would have no trouble telling that they were having one whopper of a serious pass made at them. For me, however, at that time and place, it was hell. So unsure was I, and so direct her questions about the suit.

“Is the suit functional? Can you go to the bathroom in it?”

I decided to get bold, maybe a direct approach would show up any playful, but unpromising teasing.

“Yes, it has special cutouts for me.”

“Oh it does? I’d like to see that. In fact I’d like to see that rubber suit without that flight jumper. So tell me, how active can you get in that?” I sweated, and mumbled through the answers to those and others. It was well after midnight and the party was breaking up. Suddenly Jan went off somewhere. I looked about, thinking that I was finally free, relieved but disappointed too.

I headed for the stairs to go up to the room in preparation to leave. By now I had kept the head on for almost five and a half hours. Just as I reached the stairs Amanda stepped up and in British marching fashion asked for some help with one or two items. So I, still the “pony,” helped her move a few things. It took only minutes but now everyone was gone. Well, almost everyone.

I felt a tug on my tail. “Hi, I’ve come to collect on seeing that suit.”

It was Jan again.

“Oh, yes. You can use the room you changed in!” Amanda offered from somewhere behind me. (I smell setup!)

Well, by now, all the thinking in the world had resulted in nothing more than a melted brain. So somewhat innocently, mostly somewhat not, I allowed myself to be led upstairs by Jan to the bedroom I had changed in before. She closed the door behind me and asked if I needed help. “Unzip the flight suit, please.”

With her help I pulled off the green jumper, and tossed it aside. I

then reached up to take off the head. And Jan said, “No, keep the head on.”

“Have you ever put a bridle on?”

“Huh?”

“Have you ever had a bridle on you?”

“No,” I answered. “No one’s ever seen this before.” She was boring right into my fantasy and, while still nervous I began to get excited.

“Ah, a virgin pony without a bridle?” she commented.

I smiled. Useless, she could not see that. “I’ve never tried a bridle, but I guess I could. I don’t have one that fits...”

“I do,” she said turning to the bed. I hadn’t noticed it before but she had brought in a bridle, and a crop. By now my excitement was noticeable.

“I need to adjust here,” I said, reaching down to pull on the suit at the crotch. Jan intercepted my hand. “Here,” she said, bringing the zipper from between my legs and zipping up to reveal my penis. It stuck right out at her.

“Now you look like a proper pony!”

With a little effort, she managed to get the bridle on the head. The work put into the head to get it anatomically close paid off with a very good fit to a foal’s bridle. She then began to ask me to try some things that would become very familiar between us for many years to come.

First she asked me to get down on my hands and knees and give her a ride. It was a short one. Full of “brut” champagne and tired from a long evening of nervousness, I was not the best performer. We moved half way across the room when she pulled back on the reins. “Halt,” she said. “Next time, I will wear a more appropriate rubber riding outfit. This leather skirt won’t do.”

From inside the head I saw something move on my left. The skirt had come off and had been tossed to one side. Underwear followed. I could tell that a bare bottom had gotten back on me. “We’ll do this bareback style,” she said re-mounting. We rounded the moderately sized room

twice before she asked me if I had enough of that. I had, believe me, I had.

Still sitting on me, she asked me to rear. Lifting up slowly, now just on my knees. In moments I was rearing, arms out, her legs gripping me (I now could empathize with her real horse!) "Higher!"

Whack!

I almost went vertical, and in my tired state, nearly ejaculated at getting hit with the crop. It was wholly unexpected!

"Is that OK?"

I nodded. Not really thrilled at it but we were each looking for something here so I went along. After the rear, she pulled me up. "Kneel on the bed on all fours," she directed.

I did.

Once again, she mounted me only this time lying forward on my back. She reached down and around and began fondling me. I had remained erect throughout the ride. I felt her open the flap portion of the crop and slip it over my penis. Slowly she shifted around and down and under me. Then she pulled on the crop. I came in towards her. Then she stopped and tapped the head.

"What about this?" she asked.

"Hang on for a moment," I asked, coming up slightly. I moved to take off the head. "No," she said strongly, "Fuck me with the head on!"

I understood, but I didn't understand the comment. "Then what do you mean what about this?" I asked unable to see her face.

"Your my horse now, make some horsie noises for me!"

So for hours, I was her pony. Matter of fact, for years afterward. And I have to admit, it was a lot of fun. Later on she obtained a better fitting bridle and I made a saddle. It allowed us to play for hours, and love for hours afterwards.

And how did we capitalize on our new found relationship?

Jan already had a wide variety of latex suits and from it, with few purchases, she was able to put together wonderful riding outfits. Latex breeches with open crotch, two riding tunics, one with breast holes, the other without, and a variety of

masks. Long latex gloves and thigh high, spike heels boots rounded out her attire.

We set up a stall and ring in her fairly comfortable finished basement and at least twice if not more times a week would get together for the night.

By the six month point in our pony and owner relationship we had worked out a set of regimens for our play. First, we would get ready, each dressing in a different part of the house. This kept our excitement up by anticipating seeing each other fully attired in our sexual fantasy desires. During a real horseback ride in the woods once, she had confided in me that she had fantasized about having a man dress in some kind of horse costume all her adult life but, as many of us do, chalked it up to being an extreme, unachievable, fantasy. When she saw me at the party, she said, she was going to have me one way or the other. (And being best of friends with Amanda helped!)

Once dressed, I would proceed to the basement where a small pre-built stall with rubber matting and bars was setup. This I entered and got down on all fours. Jan would sometimes show right up, other times wait building the anticipation even more.

When she arrived, her first act would be to take out all of the tack and toys from our trunk and set it up as she would for her real horse. Next, she would open the stall, and put a halter on me, leading me out to the cross ties, a pair of lines holding the bridle to two posts. There, while on all fours, she would shine me up and comb my mane and tail. Fondling was always an important part of the "turn-out" process and if I looked too "ready" she would take a latex tie-off sleeve and put it on me effectively keeping me from any premature (defined as: before she wanted it) activities.

Once I was properly shined she would complete the turn out by tacking me up. Our play was aimed at some upcoming latex parties she had been invited to so tack selection varied depending upon what we

were going to practice. It was her intention to demonstrate me at a "breeding" party in the fall. This meant that she wanted to ride me by rein and leg alone. In order to practice for this blind, I often wore a full hood with only nose and mouth opening under the pony head. (I always wear a latex hood under the head.)

Tack then consisted of the bridle, the saddle, and a martingale she made especially for me. This martingale attached around my shoulders, and allowed two lines to run down my back, past the saddle, cross behind my tail and attach to my penis. Another line, the more traditional martingale line, ran from under my horse chin, to my chest, and underneath me, ending at the same point as the top lines. The purpose of a martingale is to keep a horse from tossing his head. Here it was to keep her pony's head upright and in a certain position. No, she did

"She then began to ask me to try some things that would become very familiar between us for many years to come."

not tell me the first time she used it. It was both a pleasant and unpleasant surprise, but it worked!

Now tacked up, and effectively blind, she would mount. Often she used a dildo to "improve" her contact with the saddle (something she did occasionally while riding her real horse). She would let out the stir-

rups and slip her toes into them. It took some practice before we balanced well together and were able to move as one, but by the time we were practicing for the breeding show, we were old hands at it.

Just before mounting, but after I was all tacked up, she would set up an "event" course using boxes, and cardboard rails. Through this she would maneuver me using only hands (reins), legs, and the tap of a crop. We set up a predetermined equitation choreography of standard cues and responses for us to use. Behavior from me was not a problem. The crop was in use often to correct the many early deviations of course.

The double martingale I described above kept the early efforts exciting if not occasionally excruciating but in the end, after many months of practices, it paid off with a perfect pony head posture. In fact on a number of occasions I kept in on during the bed phase of training!

In general, we adopted the standard "passive rein" school of riding for maneuvering me. The passive rein is where a overall light but steady tension is kept on the bit through use of wrist-elbow-shoulder movements of the rider. These movements keep the pressure on the bit by following my head movements. The whole assemblage, horsehead, bit, rein, wrist, elbow, shoulder moves together pivoting at the riders shoulder. When a turn cue is desired, pressure is released on the off or inactive side, leaving a slight pressure remaining on the side to which the turn will be made. This passive rein is a dressage (an advanced or high form of riding) exercise. The goal is for the rider to make her control actions look effortless, hence why she never pulls back on the reins, to much action. A slight release of pressure on one side results in the desired effect. I noticed my head coming away from the passive side in response to the change in pressure. Hence, I turned in the direction to which I am now being slightly pulled. I will say, the whole experience made me a better rider as it provided some insight into what my horse was experiencing.

The riders leg plays a part too, although with the short stirrup required to keep her boots off the ground it was more difficult for her to use her legs as she would in a real dressage ride. Here, the stirrups provided some balance, but her legs primarily squeezed.

Here are the essentials of the cues I was trained to. The firmer the leg grip, the more forward I would move. Lessen the leg grip, I would slow. Lessen the leg grip with an equal pressure backwards on the reins, I would stop. Grip tight with the legs and with an equal pressure backwards on the reins, I would backup. Turn my head to a side and apply leg on the same side, I would

"The goal is for the rider to make her control actions look effortless..."

circle in that direction. Turn my head to a side but apply leg pressure on the other side, I would side step to the side my head was turned to. Two quick leg squeezes coupled with two equally gentle pulls on the reins, and I would rear to a predetermined stance. Release the pressure slight on the reins I would lower back to the ground. Any other cue was ignored by agreement.

For me, the key to a good performance was being able to move steadily forward at a moderate pace, one which could be slowed or increased (collected or extended) to provide three distinct "gaits". This was not easy and rough on the suit. It led directly to a new set of hoof boots with knee flaps to protect the latex. Additionally, I obtained a fairly thick pony suit custom cut to my specifications in order to accommodate our play. And the thicker rub-

ber was even that more sensual for me. (And secretly provided a wee bit more cushion on the professionally wielded crop!)

Once practice was done, usually about an hour's worth, she would cross tie me again removing the bridle and the saddle. Once removed, depending on whose turn it was to be tied up and played with, we would move to a floor mat. When it was me, she would tie me down spread eagle, with cuffs and work me over with fingers, crops, and bats, for the purposes of keeping my muscles from stiffening after the ride. S&M with a sports medicine purpose! In fact, racing and eventing horses often have their muscles gently pounded after a ride for the same purposes. Of course sexual play was included and if I wasn't wearing the hood with no-eyes under the pony head, I would tie her down and provide the same relaxing stimulus to her.

By then we had passed a fairly exciting hour and half to two and half hours already. When she was ready (and always on her cue) we would move to the bed for the final play. Here again, the pony took orders, and provided services to his lady as she wished! One of the truly amazing things to me is how much longer and how many more times I can peak when in the suit. Delightfully, this phase of a training session often lasted three to four hours before we both fell asleep from the energy expended.

Although Jan has since moved to take up an excellent professional position with a major firm, we still communicate regularly and once and a while get together for a weekend ride. In fact, I owe her thanks as she helped me prepare this piece. When I asked her for her recollections of our rides, she was gracious to inform me that since I had obviously forgotten so much, I should come out for the weekend and bring the pony. A little training will bring it all back.

And it did. ☺

Bryan Milhous's e-mail address is RbrPony@aol.com

Horse Woman

by JG- Leathers

Author's Note

This story is a work of fiction, in case the reader has any doubts, and any resemblance to real persons, places, things, or locations is strictly coincidental.

Although most of the equipment pictured and described does exist, the reader should not attempt to duplicate any of the situations, and/or scenarios contained within the following text as serious harm or injury could result.

Piercing of the body, in any area, should only be undertaken after serious thought and consideration have been taken, and be done only by a qualified person. In particular, any piercing or adornment of the sexual organs or nipples should be carried out with extreme caution. Some of the illustrated equipment, i.e. the nipple ring and anchoring post assembly, cannot be affixed, except by surgical means, and descriptions have been included only as a fictional device.

All readers are encouraged to enjoy role playing, under rules of common sense, no coercion. Consent of the partner is required, plus respect for his or her wishes; and when the partner says stop, do so immediately! No begging! No Whining! No questions!

JG- L

I'd always been fascinated by horses; their power, their beauty of form, their sureness of movement, but most of all by the control that I could exert over them while I was in the saddle. My parents, aware of the deep love I had for them, indulged me as a young woman, and even bought me one, ensuring that I looked after it in all respects, learning thoroughly the history, care and

equipment that the hobby entailed. Though I only admitted it to myself in the darkest of nights and deep in the back of my mind, I wondered secretly what it would be like to actually be a horse, held under an inescapable and pervasive control.

Eventually, having graduated from a university, I moved away and sold the animal and began my career as a fashion designer in, of all places, the Dallas-Fort Worth area. I prospered in the field, having some small talent in the business and a couple of years later, after generating a good reputation and sufficient capitol, yet still untied by a husband and children, I decided to buy my own ranch and begin enjoying anew my still strong love of horses.

It was far removed from the nearest town and could only be reached by one thoroughly rutted track from the main highway, some ten miles away; although it was fully equipped with electricity and running water. All the buildings were in an excellent state of repair and I valued my privacy greatly, spending considerable money to ensure that the ranch was properly fenced and secured against unwanted visitors. I soon had the buildings equipped with electronically operated doors and locks plus an expensive surveillance system; everything centrally controlled from my bedroom in the main house. When I was satisfied that all was organized as I wanted, I began going to horse shows all over the Southwest and buying animals that I liked the look of; having them shipped to my ranch and placed within my stables. Next, I hired a Mexican couple to look after the house and the animals for me, and they lived in a smaller dwelling beyond the larger of the barns; although their home too was fully fit-

ted with all the modern conveniences needed out there in the wilds.

Although I saw them rarely, they were very dependable and looked after the ranch as though it were their own, while I, on my rare visits, took to riding the surrounding countryside by myself, enjoying life and independence when I could escape the city and its demands. At work, I was the constant target of male attention, and I had a few brief liaisons; but none of them seemed to last for more than a month or two, for I soon tired of the ass kissing technique that seemed to be the current vogue among the men associated with my work environment.

One day though, while browsing in a tack shop, looking for new bits, bridles, saddles and other horsey paraphernalia, I became conscious of being discreetly followed and kept under inspection by a pair of deep, gray, male eyes. Eventually, after playing cat and mouse in the aisles for about twenty minutes, we bumped into each other at the back of the store.

"Oops!" he said in a deep rumbling voice that sent strangely anticipatory shivers down my spine, "Sorry about that, Ma'am!" He apologized for the impact, quaintly touching the brim of his hat.

"Have you been following me?" I snapped at him, a little annoyed by his surveillance.

"Guilty as charged, Ma'am," he answered with a mischievous smile twitching his lips.

"Why have you been trailing me around?" I demanded, a little disconcerted by his direct reply.

"Wwwall," he drawled, "You look like kind of an interesting lady, and I figured that I better check out the situation to see that you're by your-

self. Don't want to go sticking my boots into ma mouth if you got a husband or boy friend around the next display, now do I?"

I accepted his sort of funny explanation with a slight smile of forgiveness.

"Ma'am, I'd be mighty obliged if I could take you to lunch, to sort of ameliorate my nosy ways," he said gravely, touching his right hand to the brim of his expensive Stetson again.

I had to laugh at his seriousness, the novelty of the pick up line, and the manner of his using it and so I accepted the invitation without a second thought. He looked interesting enough, and I was curious to see how he'd make his approach.

A half hour later, I found myself sitting in a fine restaurant while he ordered the best meal in the house, and I studied him a little more thoroughly. He was about six feet three inches tall, and although not overtly muscular in build, obviously quite wiry and strong. He was dressed in expensive casual clothing, with the mandatory cowboy boots and there seemed to be an aura of repressed sensuality about him. Our conversation was at first general and then we came to the reason that I was in the store. His eyes lit when I explained my love of horses and the reasons that I did so and they seemed to glitter a little strangely as I told him of my ranch and how much I enjoyed it. When I questioned him about his life, he indicated that he was comfortably well off from a family inheritance and, although not really employed, he kept himself busy designing and manufacturing "specialty goods" (as he called them) for the horse community, selling them on the International Market. When I queried him on his reason for being in the store, he said vaguely that he was just looking for ideas and "prospects" a word I found hard to understand at the time.

The meal was delicious and we continued our conversation while our mutual interest sparked comments and questions, eventually covering a wide range and breadth of wildly differing topics. The after-

noon seemed to fly by and before we knew it, the time was nearly 4 P.M. When the coffee was served, he asked a strange question.

"Ma'am? Have you ever thought what it'd be like to be on the other end of the reins?"

"No, John," I laughed at the silly sounding question; but far in the back of my mind a little anticipatory tremble ran through my until now dormant and partially suppressed dreams, suddenly flaring their banked embers to a bright, flickering life, "I can't say that I ever have! All I ask of a horse is that it does what I want it to do when I use the reins."

We laughed it off, seemingly with-

"Though I only admitted it to myself in the darkest of nights and deep in the back of my mind, I wondered secretly what it would be like to actually be a horse..."

out a thought and we made arrangements for another meeting in two days, this time for dinner. The next two months of the courtship were very enjoyable as we gradually came to know one another; but I knew there were parts of him that were enticingly hidden from me, still. Occasionally, I'd see them surface in his eyes as a glittering light when we discussed anything to do with command and control functions of any sort and I'd tremble inwardly,

but those seemed to be the only times I noticed anything a little different about him.

He was a passionate and considerate lover, well schooled in the art of pleasuring a woman, and I enjoyed our bed times with vigor and abandon. He didn't seem to have any major hang-ups that I could discover and lived his life with an almost childish interest in all sorts of topics, happily ensconced in a penthouse of one of the newer up scale condominiums in the center of town. When I finally got to see the inside of his lair, I was surprised by the decor and accent on modern furnishings, there being plenty of chrome and glass to break the almost overpowering presence of leather. In one corner of the large glassed in living area was his design board and curious as to what he actually did, I wandered over to it while he was fixing drinks and looked at the drawings and designs laid out on its large tilted surface. I shouldn't have been surprised to see designs for elaborate harness, bits, bridles, and saddles staring back at me; but they were like no tack that I was familiar with! When he returned to the room, I questioned him briefly on the drawings and he told me that it was a very specialized set of designs that he'd been commissioned to create, and perhaps sometime I'd get to see the finished products, and maybe even experience them first hand!

In my minds' eye, using my designer's aptitude, I again went over what I'd seen on the drawing board and slowly began to realize that the only dimensions that the so called "tack" would fit were human! The flickering embers began to flare a little brighter and I filed the images away for further examination as anticipatory fingers of warmth began to steal up my spine. He neatly turned the conversation to other topics at that point and later in the day we retired to the bedroom for an afternoon and night of passionate lovemaking.

Some two weeks later I finally relented, inviting him to the ranch and he marveled at the remoteness

and quietude once we'd arrived. He seemed to get along exceedingly well with my house keeper and her husband, becoming thick as thieves with him for nearly two hours, much to my chagrin. We went riding a lot while we were there and he got to see all the areas of the wilderness that I really liked. Back at the ranch and obviously impressed, he inspected the barns, stables, riding ring, exercise machines, paddocks, and carriages that I'd collected and with another series of those strange glitters in his eyes, he carried me back to the house and made wild impassioned love to me that night.

From that point on he insisted that we spend as many weekends there as we could manage and on many occasions he'd go up during the middle of the week, he said, just to enjoy the solitude and the beautiful countryside. Every so often, when I'd arrive on a Friday Evening, I'd be unable to find him; but shortly after I arrived he'd show up at the house. Each time this happened he said that he'd been down at the main barn helping Manuel with some modifications to it and that he was saving his efforts as a surprise for me. After two or three times, I became curious and tried to tease some hints from him; but he'd just smile lazily and tell me that he didn't want to spoil the surprise. Of course I'd seen the reels of cable, the paint cans and all the tools and other paraphernalia that go along with acts of major reconstruction and renovation; but he kept putting me off, saying that all would be made plain in good time. He did give me an out though, saying that if I really wanted to see what was happening, all I had to do was to walk down and check it out for myself. I was a sucker for this kind of secret and so vowed to hold my curiosity in check until he decided it was time for the great revelation.

He proposed to me the next afternoon, and without too much in the way of forethought, I accepted.

Without going into all the boring details, we had an exceptional wedding two months later and I closed down my business, telling everyone

that I was going on an extended honeymoon and probably wouldn't be back in touch with them for anything for almost a year. Our plan though, was to go to the ranch immediately and then I thought we'd take things from there, as far as getting our homes in the same spot and all the other events that necessarily follow with the joining of two lives. The trip in to the ranch this time for some unexplainable reason (to me anyway) seemed to be much more of a final journey than any we'd made in the past six months and I felt a little uneasy.

When we arrived we were greeted like royalty by both Manuel and

*“He was dressed
in expensive
casual clothing,
with the mandatory
cowboy boots
and there seemed
to be an aura of
repressed sensuality
about him.”*

Consuela, who seemed relieved that we'd finally legalized our relationship in the eyes of God. Their obvious happiness, and strangely enough, relief, re-ignited my joy and we began another party that lasted into the wee hours of the next morning. During the evening though, I noticed both Manuel and Consuela eyeing me with somewhat more of a bold attitude than they had ever shown before; but the looks were fleeting in the extreme and I soon forgot about

them. The last thing I remembered when I drifted off to sleep in his arms that early morning, was his whisper that tomorrow would begin a new phase of our relationship; but I just mumbled a semi-conscious acknowledgment and faded out.

Breakfast came at a lazy 10 A.M., served to me in bed by my love, now husband, rather than being made by Consuela and left for us in the kitchen, as was normally our custom. While I drank the fresh squeezed orange juice I so love after waking up in the morning, he sat by my side of the bed and watched me closely while I talked of the coming months of freedom we were going to enjoy. When I asked why he had served the breakfast, he told me that he had given Manuel and Consuela a two week vacation back in Mexico with their family so that we were totally alone now and he hoped that I didn't mind him being so high handed. For a brief moment I felt some irritation then relented, flinging the covers off and going to the bathroom for my morning shower and daily beauty routine.

Half an hour later when I emerged, he stood waiting for me in the bedroom, holding a long, tube like, female formed, black, fur lined and trimmed garment.

“Christine,” he smiled, “I'd like you to put this on, just for me.”

“John? What in heaven's name is that thing?” I asked a little repulsed by its almost institutional appearance.

“Well, Honey,” he said hesitantly, lowering the strange garment a little to the floor so that I'd be able to step into it easily, “It's part of the surprise I've been creating for you, and I sorta hoped that you'd go along with me.”

“It looks kind of strange.” I demurred, although I moved a step closer and looked into the cape like thing.

“Yeah,” he said, “I know it does; but you can see that it's lined with fur, and so you won't get chilled when you're wearing it. It's still kinda cold out there.”

“You evil thing you!” I laughed at his almost crest fallen appearance, “Just let me put on some underclothes.”

“You don't need to bother with them Honey,” he coaxed, holding the garment out to me so that I could indeed see that it was indeed fur lined. Something on the back of the cape clinked metallically when he lowered it a little more.

“Well, all right.” I said, surrendering to his request and stepping into the narrow tube of the lowered cape.

“Just hold your arms out to the side a little, Christine, while I pull it up,” he said with another of those strange glitters in his eyes.

I followed his instructions, feeling a little wicked. I'd always dressed myself, but now, having him do it for me made me feel a little strange and actually, quite pampered. Around my legs and thighs I could feel the sensuous caress of the fur lining when he pulled the garment up. I was trembling a little under the restrictive leather enclosure and wondering, hopefully, what was to happen next.

*“He was a
passionate and
considerate lover,
well schooled in the
art of pleasuring a
woman, and I
enjoyed our bed
times with vigor
and abandon.”*

“Not to worry, my Sweet!” he said moving around behind me. “Now hold still while I do up the rest of it.”

“You mean that there's more?” I asked, turning my head over my

shoulder as far as I could against the restriction of the tight collar.

“Yup!” was all he said, and a second later a wide band within the lining of the cape snared around the tops of my thighs, pressing them even more closely together. I staggered a little when he pulled it tighter, then suddenly, I also felt two other wide bands within inner sleeves clamp firmly around my wrists, sealing my hands inside them!

“What the hell!” I exclaimed in surprise. “John? Are we playing some sort of ‘capture’ game?”

“All part of the service, ma'am.” He chuckled while I still tried unsuccessfully to withdraw my arms pulled around to my back, from the inner sleeves. “And, yeah, I guess that you could say we are! What do you think of the idea?”

“Hmmm! Could be interesting, you big mean man!” I giggled over my shoulder at him.

Next, he pulled on another strap and I felt the wide, soft band between my thighs tighten considerably, then pull through my crotch just a little too hard, forcing its smooth edges to clamp between my legs and caused a hard little ridge like protrusion between the lips of my sex. It pressed firmly but not uncomfortably against the sensitive part of my clitoris.

“Good grief!” I stuttered in surprise, “This thing is some sort of erotic straight jacket, isn't it?”

“Oh, I wouldn't go quite that far,” he chuckled from behind me. “Let's just call it your ‘preparation garment,’ for now.”

“My what!?” I gasped when he tightened more straps at the back, clamping around my upper arms and pulling them against my body, just above the elbows. He pulled the strap even tighter then, forcing my arms firmly against my waist and lower chest. A slow fire began to invade the pit of my stomach and I could feel the muscles of my inner thighs trembling strangely.

“Yeah. This will sort of help prepare you for the, ah, next event.

These straps I'm doing up now are to make it fit a little better,” he stated

as he knelt and pulled a six inch wide hem strap a little tighter.

I relented in my bitching and waited to see what would happen next. He was just full of surprises today, and this was the first inkling that I had that he was into any kind of kinky games at all!

“Well, Honey just a couple more and you'll be properly wrapped and ready!” He gloated with the evil chuckle that I'd found so entrancing. Behind me, he stood and flipped my waist length hair away from the back of my neck, then slowly tightened another strap at the back. In a second, the wide mandarin style collar clamped even more firmly around the vulnerable column of my throat, forcing me to keep my head held motionless and facing to the front! I could only twist a little from side to side while he walked around and stared down into my face.

“What do you think of it?” he asked nonchalantly, fingering the thick yet supple leather encasing me.

“It's really, ah, sort of, different!” I croaked, wriggling my hips seductively, feeling the little nubbin in the crotch piece flip back and forth over the growing sensitivity of my pleasure center. “Now what?” I gasped, while a wave of incredible sensation washed upwards from my crotch.

“Well, I think it's about time I took you down to the barn to show and fit your real wedding presents!”

“Oh, Honey,” I gasped, feeling all “goosey” and twisting a little more within my leather cocoon to accentuate and continue the wonderfully arousing sensations, “I thought you'd given me all of them!”

“No!” He smiled, “Not by a long shot! And these are much more permanent! They'll satisfy your curiosity about some of my design work too!”

I giggled nervously again, feeling even more wicked with the thought of going outside naked but for the cloak filling my minds' eye. He brought over a pair of moccasins and looked up from where he knelt again before me, preparing to put on my footwear.

“The cloak will keep you warm and also keep the sun off. I want to

take perfect and total care of you from now on Christine!" he said conversationally as I stood there and letting him finish dressing me. "Do you remember the designs I had on the drawing board at the place in town?" he asked, straightening up.

"Yeah, they were kind of interesting." I murmured cautiously.

"Well, Christine, they were for a set of harnesses that I've made for you!"

"Oh!" I said in false astonishment. "You mean to say, John, that you want to, uh, put them on me and we can indulge in some sort of kinky fun and games?"

"Well, that's sorta the idea," he said, a little more seriously now. "Sit here on the bed, Honey. I want us to talk about this."

"All right." I said attentively and hobbled over to the side and sat down awkwardly, staring at him and waiting to hear what he had to say.

"Christine, I know that you've always been fascinated by horses and I know too, just from our love making, that you enjoy being the submissive partner. I think that you're interested in experimenting in a combination of both areas too; but you've never actually come out and said so, either. Are you really interested, Christine?" he asked staring deeply into my eyes, while I looked up at him standing there before me while I writhed unconsciously against the bondage of the cape.

"I, uh, am, sort of." I mumbled, my face flaming with the embarrassment of admitting out loud for the first time my most secret of desires. Surely, I wasn't that transparent!?

"Oh, Christine, Honey!" He smiled at me, squatting down until his eyes were at my level. "I knew about your fantasy after the first two weeks! I want you to become a Horse Woman, in the truest sense of the words, dear. And I've put a lot of work in to help you realize the dream."

"It it's sort of a little scary!" I said in a low voice, slowly raising my averted eyes. "I-I never thought I'd admit that to anyone!"

"Well, Christine, it is all right. Let's continue."

"Ah-ah...OK!" I stammered as he helped me to my feet.

He finished slipping my feet into the moccasins, then we walked from the bedroom, he in the lead, and out

*From that point on
he insisted that we
spend as many
week ends there as
we could manage...
just to enjoy
the solitude
and the beautiful
countryside.*

into the yard. On the wide veranda surrounding the house, just beside the main door were two large suitcases that he easily picked up, then stepped down onto the driveway, waiting for me to awkwardly negotiate the steps. The cape didn't have a kick pleat and so hobbled me quite effectively, much to my feigned annoyance. A moment later we were slowly walking along the paved drive to the largest and the most remote of my barns and I tried to wheedle out of him some hint of what he had planned; but he just grinned and said I'd soon find out.

When we reached the barn he opened the small door and preceded me inside, then closed and surprisingly, locked it behind us after I'd stepped through. For a moment I stood in the dim gloom of the cathedral like building, smelling the straw, the horses, and a faint tinge of new paint. I could hear some of

my animals puffing and whinnying in their stalls when he walked away from me down the broad corridor and I hurried to catch up, feeling more than a little imprisoned and restricted by the long narrow cape affair, each of my hurrying little steps limited by the snugly fitted lower skirt. With every pace the infernal little ridge on the crotch-piece rubbed and tantalized and I panted aloud with the burning arousal now threatening to consume me, while thoughts of what was to come next began to burn with increasing flares of hungry flame between my thighs. The snug constriction of the collar made me feel even more randy than I thought possible and just the sensation of its limiting the movements of my head was enough to excite me.

Halfway along, he stopped and flicked a switch on one of the support posts and I gasped with surprise to see that the whole inside of the barn had been scrubbed absolutely clean and completely painted! We continued along the wide corridor and at the end he opened the door to a freshly refurbished stall, much more elaborately finished than any of the others in the barn.

"This, Christine, is the new stall that Manuel and I have been working so hard on," he beamed at me. "We've been working very hard for the last month and just finished it last weekend. What do you think?"

I peered inside, leaning against the substantial door frame.

"Well! You boys certainly have been busy little beavers!" I exclaimed, still trying quietly to extricate myself from the tight cape and the clamping and restricting inner straps.

"This is only the first part of the surprise, dear," he stated entrancingly.

Inside, the stall had been lined with what appeared to be tightly jointed wooden paneling; but he explained, it was actually a steel liner covered with a thick plastic that made cleaning very simple. The floor was covered with a soft yet deep nylon carpet that resembled the straw in the other stalls and

when I questioned this, I was told that it was easier to maintain and that the animal that would be kept here wouldn't be hard to toilet train! I looked at him questioningly; but he turned away and pointed out the rings in the wall with their dangling, substantial, leather adjustable cross tie straps and the feeding trough. He then showed me the security system on the door. It was just as sophisticated as everything else I'd had installed, considering that it was only a horse stall, I acknowledged while he showed it off. The door had been changed so that each half, although looking like wood, was also made of steel and each portion was equipped with two high security electronic locks. The upper section was closely barred, shiny steel, and outside, had another portion that could be closed tightly over the bars. The small, high window in the back wall was double paned now, and between the layers of thick glass was another grille of tightly spaced bars. It reminded me a little of a prison cell, and unaccountably nervous, I edged away from the door.

"Christine, I've done all this work to ensure that the 'horse' that's kept here in the stall will be totally secure. It's very valuable, and quite beautiful and I want to ensure that it doesn't get loose!" he smiled down at me.

I trembled even more as a small thrill of part fear, part anticipation ran down my spine; but said nothing.

We emerged from the brightly lit stall and he gently grasped my imprisoned left arm above the elbow and guided me towards a door at the end of the passage, the tack room. This door too was brand new, equipped with double locks and of steel construction also. He fumbled with the keys for a moment, then requested that I close my eyes for the big surprise. I did as he asked, wondering what all the secrecy was about and heard the door swing open on freshly oiled hinges. He guided me inside, then closed it behind us, turning on the lights. What before had been only a dimly lit alcove with various pieces of har-

ness hung on nails was now a large and sterile room bathed in bright fluorescent light I discovered when he said that I could open my eyes, that all the walls had been painted and organized to perfection. The tack was now completely setup by category of equipment and function along three of the walls, and in the middle of the fourth one, across from where I stood, was a large mirror

*"Christine," He
smiled, "I'd like
you to put this on,
just for me."*

surrounded by finished items of his specialty designs.

There were some other additions that hung around the mirror, notably two sets of long thigh boots and some strange looking gloves. In one corner, a trapeze like device hung on a chain from the ceiling over a raised pedestal and on my right was a sturdy brass hitching rail, securely bolted to the wall. I looked around and marveled at the changes he'd made in my absence.

"You've really gone to town here!" I exclaimed in pleased surprise, for the moment ignoring my bound helplessness. "How come?"

He walked over to one of the long benches and tossed the suitcases onto them. Without speaking, he popped the latches of one and opened it, then reached inside.

"Would you come here for a minute, please, Honey?" he asked gravely.

I shuffled slowly and nervously over to stand in front of him, staring, unaccountably nervous, up into his gray eyes.

When I came close, he reached up and spun me around slowly, then loosened the strap that clamped my

collar so snugly. He pulled it out until my throat was completely free of any encumbrance and reached into the case behind him, then turned from it with something in his hands, reaching quickly up to my bare neck while he did so. I automatically struggled to raise my arms and hands against their bindings within the restricting cape; but couldn't free them of course because of the tight straps and sewn in arm tubes. Briefly, I caught a glimpse of a shiny surface as it disappeared under my chin, then raised my head automatically when he slipped the thing around my neck. I wondered what he was doing, while, with a small grunt of effort he closed what seemed to be a high choker snugly and I heard a distinct metallic set of clicks on each side of my neck.

"Is this the surprise?" I asked, feeling the renewed and even more snugness around my throat caressing my skin when it vibrated with my question.

"It's really only a small part of a whole ensemble!" He grinned down at me. "Now turn around and look in the mirror!"

I turned slowly and looked at my reflection and was horrified to see that I now wore a wide, plain, glittering, steel collar! It was, I suppose, two inches high, with a large ring hanging from a mount under my chin!

"Take it off, please?" I almost begged him, nervously writhing against the inner securements to free myself of the cape. "I don't like it, and I don't like this cape either. I'd like to get out of them both."

"Now, now, Honey!" He said calmly, while he walked over to a dangling chain and approached me with its free end clamped firmly in one hand and a substantial lock in the other. "I don't want to do that! You see," he said holding up the chain and lock and smiling quietly, "I want you to be properly available while I get the rest of your tack out!"

I back pedaled furiously while he followed me around the room until he had me in a corner. I became even more scared, requesting again that he remove the collar, still struggling

furiously to escape the tubular imprisonment while he pressed me further into the angle of the walls. He reached behind my neck, parted my hair again and locked the chain to another ring on the back of my new choker collar! I couldn't help the moan of sensual feeling that escaped my throat when I felt the cold unforgiving captive feeling that wearing the collar forced me to accept. The dangling chain from the back of the collar brushed against my back and my next moan was caused by the realization that he had made me utterly his, so I thought, at this point! He backed away and with what I foolishly took to be mock severity, began to explain what he had planned for me.

"Christine, you are about to be turned into the Horse Woman that you admitted you've wanted to be," he stated, staring at me while he made the fateful pronouncement that was to change my life forever. "Honey, you're mine now and I want you to be happy in any way I can manage. I've made all the harnesses you'll ever need from here on and really; they'll be your complete and only wardrobe. As a matter of fact, I've made others that you'll have to wear under your clothes too on those rare occasions when we do go into town, and you won't be able, or permitted, to remove those harnesses either. You might as well get used to the idea, Christine, you're going to become a human, female, horse!"

I stared at him fearfully, the message of his words slowly sinking in. He stared back at me with a little grin playing around his mouth, then went over and pressed a button on the wall. The dream that I'd secretly harbored all these years now suddenly stared me full in the face, and I desperately wanted to do it; but was afraid of confronting the reality so suddenly presented to me.

Above, high in the rafters, I heard the muffled whine of a powerful electric motor and to my horror, the chain from the rear of the collar began tightening, dragging me back towards the pedestal until I had to step up on it. He stopped the motor and came over to where I danced on

tip toe, gasping and trying not to strangle; still struggling to free myself. With ease, he undid all the straps at the back, then the zipper of the snug ankle length tube, leaving me clad only in the moccasins, for the moment. I stood there, now with my arms free, and reached around behind my neck to try and release the collar and chain while he just stood and watched; gloating and presented my full breasts enticingly. After a minute of observing my struggles, he walked to the suitcase once more and returned with a strange looking stainless steel contraption.

"This, Christine is just for you; the second of your wedding presents. It can be put on the easy way or the hard way, Honey. If you don't want to go along with it being fitted, that little whip over on the wall there can be used to aid the process!" he said with a grin, while I stared aghast at the ominous and obviously punishing and restricting device he held loosely in his hands

"Wh-what i-i-is that ... that thing?" I managed to gasp, staring at it in horror, yet knowing the answer instinctively.

"Why, Christine it's a chastity belt!" He smiled at me. "You'll never be permitted out of it from now on, and I want full control of your sex. This seemed to be the easiest solution."

"B-but why?" I wailed plaintively, "You know I'll always be true to you, John!"

"Oh, I know that, dear. Putting you into the belt isn't about your faithfulness. It's about keeping you as mine. As long as you're wearing this thing, you'll know exactly who you belong to!"

I glared peevishly at him and settled down for the moment. In seconds he'd slipped the two inch wide, shiny, cool and rubber lined and edged cinch around my narrow waist, then locked it at the center of my back. This portion wasn't really uncomfortable, just very tight, while I stood there stretched out. But I did feel it compress my stomach firmly when the lock clicked closed. I felt something

wide and cool slap gently against the juncture of my buttocks while he went to the suitcase. He came back with a tube of some sort of gel. He knelt behind me and did something with the wide strap and I gasped explosively when he reached forward between my spread legs and smeared my depilated sex with the lubricant. The fire in my stomach began burning brightly when I contemplated what was happening to me and though I playfully tried to kick him then, moaning with arousal, his reaction time was too good and I was unable to reach him. Wordlessly; but smiling broadly, he backed away, returned to the bench, and took the wide strapped, short handled flogger from its hook on the wall. I watched fearfully while he came to stand about four feet away, turning to follow him when he began to circle me.

Suddenly, the wide straps flickered out and caught me across the fronts of my thighs with a mild

*"Around my legs
and thighs I could
feel the sensuous
caress of the fur
lining when he
pulled the
garment up."*

swipe. I tried to dance away, yelling with faked shock at what he had just done, rather than from the pain of the straps impacting. I didn't get far though, for after the first two steps my feet came off the pedestal when the collar chain snapped taut, suspending and strangling me!

"Ah...ah," I gasped. "Go ahead and do whatever it is you're going to do!"

"He put down the whip and cautiously approached, while I hung panting on trembling and reddened legs.

"Do you remember reading about how the knights of old used to lock up their women in chastity belts when they went off to the crusades?" he asked, standing in front of me. "Well, Honey, this is the modern day version of that venerable old device and you'll find that the modern additions are quite demanding. As I said before, you'll wear it from now on, even though I'm not going to be crusading! So, spread your legs!" he instructed quietly. I nervously obeyed.

"W-w-w-why? Why are you doing this to me?" I asked, trembling uncontrollably.

"Honey, you're just too damned beautiful and high spirited for me not to want to ensure that you're totally mine, and too, I want to turn you into a Horse Woman as much as you secretly want to be one! Since I first met you in that tack store, I've envisioned you like this! You are exactly the kind of woman to whom this should happen and I want to make you as happy as I can. This seems to be the way to go, right?" he asked.

"It's sort of scary though!" I mumbled, while my hands stole down to feel the wide belt clamped so deeply and firmly into my stomach. "I-I've never admitted this side of myself to anyone, although in a way, it's a wonderful, teasing thing to do too!"

"I also want you to fully experience what the horses that you've owned for so long have had to endure, and then some, Christine. Maybe, if you're ever taken out of your harness, you'll treat them with a little more gentleness after you've been one yourself for a while!"

I shivered when he said this last piece; but still wanted to continue with the "scene" as I'd begun to think of it, wondering how it would all turn out.

Something broad and blunt began to nuzzle at the lips to my sex and I gasped with arousal while he cautiously, slowly, and firmly pressed it deeper and deeper up into my body. The large dildo felt as though it was rising towards my tonsils, until

finally, I felt the wide, shaped, rubber lined steel crotch band cup tightly over my lower stomach. He held it in position while moving around in front of me, then slowly pulled upwards on the crotch strap and with his other hand gently separated my buttocks when it pressed deeply up between them, narrowing

*"It was exactly what
she would love to
do. She would be
able to move away
from home, support
herself and do what
she loved best."*

a little but covering me snugly and completely. Suddenly, he jerked strongly on it, lifting me bodily off the floor and making me give a short scream when I felt it tighten even more, driving the huge plug deeply inside me! He grunted and I heard another lock on the front of my compressing waist click closed with finality, then he stood back and watched silently while I gradually tried to accustom myself to the feeling of being a prisoner of my belt and the rigid intruder deep within my loins. Next, he reached over and brought up two other narrow metal bands from deep between my legs and fastened them tightly to their fittings, just over my hips. These served to anchor the wide metal band cupped over my sex even more firmly in position and at the same time they passed under my nether cheeks they made them stand out even more prominently. For a moment, he stood staring at me with a strange expression on his face.

"Oh, Christine! That chastity belt makes you look so sexy, I want to screw your brains out right now!" he enthused. "But, I think I'll hold off for the moment and we'll get the rest of your stuff on. That's got the most important part of your equipment mounted. Now I'm going to fit you with your permanent personal wrist and ankle cuffs."

I shivered with a strange feeling of helplessness when he said the word "permanent." He returned to the suitcase, coming back with four plain, wide, shiny, metal bands; each equipped with two small; but very sturdy rings. All of the small bands were about four centimeters wide and about half a centimeter thick.

"Hold out your arms, Christine!" he commanded quietly.

"Ah..ah!" I stammered again, realizing that the cuff he held was not a piece of costume jewelry.

I held out both my arms and he quickly encircled my wrists with the bracelets. A moment later each was encased by a smooth, snugly compressing, stainless steel strap, then he similarly equipped each of my ankles! The hinge and mounting joints were so finely machined that I had difficulty seeing where they mated! Once more he stood back and looked at me, admiring his handiwork. I squirmed under his riveting gaze with embarrassed anticipatory shivering, feeling how the wide steel clamped and restricted each of my limbs, amazed that the compression and the sense of captivity they engendered felt so good! With each small movement of my arms or legs, the sturdy little rings clinked unavoidably against the metal of their cuffs. I secretly liked this too, feeling like a cat that wears a bell.

"Those are the first sets, dear! Now I want you to hold still for the next two, like a good girl, all right!"

"O-O-OK," I whispered, my cheeks flaming with embarrassment, again.

The next, narrower set for my arms clamped firmly just above the elbow joint, and being only two centimeters wide, they sank quite deeply into my flesh, their rings clicking too with any movement I made. He then told me to spread my

legs, and fitted the other bands around the tops of each of my thighs, making my legs feel almost as though they belonged to someone else!

"W-w-what are you going to do to me now?" I asked, a little stunned at the sense of restriction I was feeling, amazed that it felt so strangely wonderful.

"Well," he stated succinctly, "I've never seen a filly with hands before, so I'm going to fit you with some special mitt gloves that'll take them away from you!"

So saying, he went to the wall and returned with a pair of the strange shoulder length gloves slung over his shoulder.

"These don't come off Honey!" he stated. "Once they're on, there's no way you'll be able to get yourself out of them and that sorta helps you become mentally adjusted to the fact that you're just a human Horse Woman now." He held out the right glove, telling me to keep my fingers stiff while he pulled up the long arm tube, then wriggle them when they entered the mitt part at the end.

"Oh, wow!" I said when he held out the glove. The cool, rubber lined leather slid easily up my arm, then my fingers slipped into curved little pockets deep inside the mitt portion. The long tube was tipped by a slightly flattened, smooth, egg-shaped containment that imprisoned my fingers, thumbs and hands completely! In seconds, each digit had been forced into its snug receptacle and I found that I couldn't move them at all! I stood quietly when he pulled the rings from the now hidden cuffs through metal rimmed eyelet's in the thick but supple leather, then quickly laced the slit at the wrist fully closed with a finely woven steel wire lace. When he finished, he took a clamping tool from his belt and there was a sudden spurt of angry flame where the lace ends were welded together and cut short; thus removing any possibility of my escaping from the mitt! The tool was returned to his belt, and he drew the thick arm tube up further, over my elbow, pulling the restraint rings through other metal rimmed

slots. He drew it fully up to my shoulder and laced the long slit there closed with another set of the wire laces. These too were welded closed and cut short, then he flipped a three inch wide band over the top of the lacing and strapped it tightly, thus sealing the upper portion of the closed slit and the lace ends away from any prying fingers. This fact was doubly ensured when he locked the securing straps of the band into their buckles and brought the dangling straps from the top of the arm tube up to the rear ring of the collar and buckled them closed to the ring there, preventing the glove from sliding down my arm!

"Christine, I know that you've always been fascinated by horses and I know too, just from our love making, that you enjoy being the submissive partner."

In a moment the fingers and thumb of my other hand were similarly immobilized and shortly thereafter my left arm was also encased in its' leather tube. I was able to bend my arms only a little to look at my encased and now useless hands and the thick, rubber lined leather made my movements quite difficult. After a moment I dropped them both to my sides, feeling the tight bondage of the hidden cuffs, the new weight dragging on my arms and the secure lacing relax their grip a little.

"Christine, time for your new hind feet!" he grinned at me.

He walked to the wall, brought back the strange looking boots, and prepared to put the right one on my foot. The boot was the classical thigh high design; but its lacing was up the back of the leg, and the foot portion didn't resemble any kind of shoe I'd ever seen before! It was shaped exactly like a horses hoof; but incorporated within its structure was a six inch high heel! My foot slipped into the heavily padded and wide shoe and I struggled to become accustomed to the height. It compressed a little under my weight and I didn't realize that beneath the shoe the heel was made in such a way that when weight was placed on it, a powerful spring and shock absorber arrangement was compressed, then regained its original height in order to give the wearer a bouncy horse like gait! The hoof was shod with a glittering steel shoe, just like a horses' and while I stood trembling on my right leg, he fiddled the restraint rings of my ankle cuff through the slots for them and began lacing the thick leather closed up over my calf, encasing the flesh within into the solid, shaped, tube. I couldn't see them; but I knew just from the sound they made, that these laces were also of the woven wire type. Just below my knee I felt him tighten a wide inner strap around my leg, then he continued lacing right over the top of it. Again, he stopped just above my knee, tightened another inner strap, then laced over it too. The process continued, tightening the boot securely around my thigh, then suddenly I saw the reflected flash of the little device he had used to secure my arm laces, and I knew that I would be unable to remove the boots either without help. I felt him secure a wide band over the upper part of the lacing around the top of my thigh and there were more little clicks when they too were locked firmly closed. To finish off the process, he fastened the garter straps to rings on my chastity belt. He stood up, moved around before me and looked at me while I balanced precariously, staring silently and a little fearfully back at him.

"Ready for the other boot?" he asked.

"Uh huh." I mumbled, looking down to the floor and trying to balance on my encased leg. "John? Are you really going to turn me into a h-h-horse?"

He just smiled at that. "Of course, Christine! You might even grow to like being one too, after being broken to harness and your initial training and orientation!"

I fluttered my useless arms nervously while he slipped my left foot into the strange shoe, and five minutes later, I was fully booted and shod. When he'd finished, he once more stood back and inspected me while I shuffled nervously under his commanding gaze, trying to get used to the strange feel of the boots and mitts and finding that they and the steel shod hoofs were quite heavy and very restrictive. With each little step I took, I could feel my legs bouncing on the springs hidden in the hoofs and was a little embarrassed that I had to prance, unable to prevent it from occurring! He approached and began to adjust the wide rubber garters straps to my belt. At the front of my thighs, the garters were doubly connected, one set leading to a central front ring for each boot, and the others leading to the rings over my hips, while still others connected to the boots on the outside of each leg. From the rings just under each buttock, two more sets were attached. The side ones led to the rings over my hips and the other set was tightly clipped to a ring on the center back of the cinch and the hip connection point. There were a number of effects of this multiple tensioning, the boots were kept tightly stretched up my leg at all times and with each step the garters stretched only a little before I had to bring my feet back to their original position! And, because of their continual tension, I was forced to stand with my legs slightly apart. It was a subtle bondage; but pervasive and inescapable.

Next, he brought over a short chain then knelt in front of me and before I knew what he'd done, my boot hidden ankle cuffs were con-

nected with a hobble! I started to speak; but a quick look from him silenced me. He turned and walked to the wall, returning with a large and complicated looking piece of tack. I stared somewhat fearfully at it while he fumbled with the web work of straps, then lifted it over my head and lowered it onto my shoulders. Within its cool, rubber lined grip I shivered when he tightened the various straps around my chest; but it warmed quickly, and I couldn't help the grunts that were forced from me while he jerked the wide straps through their buckles, confining me ever more closely. It was designed so that it flowed across my shoulders in wide comfortable curves, covering the upper part of my chest in a thick ring and buckle encrusted armor. From there it narrowed, going down between my breasts with a wide, re-enforced strap, that, beneath them, spread out again to a broad chest band. Behind my shoulders I felt it covering my back down to my lower rib cage, where the chest band straps came around and were buckled

"When we reached the barn he opened the small door and preceded me inside, then closed and surprisingly, locked it behind us after I'd stepped through."

tightly. From points just beside the lower, outer curves of my breasts, other narrower straps ran upwards through D-rings, then under my

arms to buckles on the back piece. When he tightened these, I felt them press into the sides of my chest, forcing my breasts to stand out prominently, quivering vulnerably with each ragged and scared breath I took. He finally finished adjusting and I stood feeling trapped and slightly claustrophobic while the harness began to exert its not so subtle message of control and command. He began connecting it to my belt and I whimpered when he jerked the straps tight, pulling the whole ensemble into firm unrelenting contact and making the plug sink even more deeply into my compressed stomach. I thrashed my arms around, distraught with the slightly horrible, arousing; but unavoidable skewering sensation.

He stood and began fiddling with other devices on my upper chest, then seconds later he pulled gently on two flexible wires ending in small loops. I screamed with fear when I felt two nooses dig deeply into the flesh around the base of each of my large breasts, making them stand out even further now, quivering and engorging with blood when they swelled and became very sensitive to his casual touch and manipulation. He secured the wires' ends to rings on the harness with sturdy little locks, while I frenziedly shook my upper body against the garroting sensation around my inflamed breasts, feeling them swing and bounce with the motion and increasing my sense of vulnerability a thousand fold!

"That's about got you fitted with your body harness, Christine," he stated, "Now it's time for your bridle!"

"I-I'm really going to be made into a h-h-horse?!" I wailed despairingly, while he readied the controlling device. "I don't know if I want to c-c-continue, Honey," I quavered with trepidation.

"This is all part of the process, Christine," he said quietly, coming up in front of me and gently massaging my trembling breasts, kneading my rock hard nipples gently. Waves of unendurable sensation radiated from his manipulations and the sensations of penetration and the rigidly filling presence of

the dildo within my body soon had me gasping in wet arousal while he gentled and caressed me. I squirmed against my restrictions and stared hungrily up into his eyes.

"All right!" I assented, gasping from the continuing assaults of his fiendishly clever hands and fingers, "Put it on me!"

"This isn't 'play', Christine," he stated, "This is for real."

"I-I know, my Rein Master." I acknowledged, for the first time calling him by his true title. "Please, do it now before I chicken out and start crying."

"Very well, little one," he smiled

at me. "I'll want you to hold still while I fit it."

He returned from the wall with the bridle in his hands, the one that I would wear from now on, and playfully, I tried moving my head out of the way, throwing it from side to side, until he reached up and grasped one of my super-sensitive nipples and began gently pinching it, making me wail even louder. I stopped moving my head and he slipped the web work of thick straps over and around it.

The head stall wasn't uncomfortable I found, while he arranged my long hair into a pony tail high up at

the back, then snug down the straps until it enfolded my entire head in a pervasive network that couldn't be shaken or pried loose! A wide strap went across my forehead, while others encircled my skull, leaving my ears and face uncovered, for the moment. Another strap went under the back bulge of my head, beneath my hair at the back and still more were tightened across the bulge. Another was left loosely fastened under my chin. He gently tugged on some straps dangling from the sides of the bridle up behind my ears, then there were two little clicks on the back of the shoulder harness

that didn't bode well for my future comfort. For the moment I ignored them though, concentrating on the strange sensation of the head harness, although I was quickly to learn just how much they could be used to discipline and control me. Again he stepped back and I shook my head experimentally, stamping my steel shod feet on the pedestal while he grinned at my tentative horse like movements.

"How does it feel, Horse Woman?" he asked with a self satisfied look.

"I-I'm not sure," I responded, trying to figure out why the increasing restrictions to my freedom felt so strangely like coming home to a place I knew that I'd always yearned to be.

"Now, it's time you were fitted with the 'piece de resistance', Christine! You'll probably really hate having to wear this; but that's something that horses don't have any say in!"

I began to shake with fearful anticipation when he uncaringly turned away to the suit cases then came back carrying one of the most horrific horse bit I'd ever seen. My heart turned over sickeningly and I suddenly changed my mind about being required to wear a bit.

"This little beauty, Honey, has been made 'specially' for you!" he enthused.

"Oh, John! Pppllleeeaaassee! Please don't make me wear t-t-that h-h-horrible thing!" I begged as he approached with it held high so that I could see it close up. Suddenly tearful, I desperately wanted him to take it away; but he insisted that I open wide so that he could place it properly and not hurt my mouth while it was being fitted. I clamped my lips closed then and shook my head, the rings and buckles of my bridle glittering and jingling in the overhead light. Once more, I felt his thumb and finger on my vulnerable nipple and I couldn't stop the despairing wail that tore from my throat when his grip on the sensitive nodule tightened. He easily slipped the large, steel, gagging-bit behind my teeth and I felt its mouth piece, like a doubled spoon, shaped to fit

the interior of my mouth, press deeply inside. It was equipped with little rubber lined troughs that covered and enclosed my teeth, both protecting them from the harsh and obdurate steel and rendering them useless for gripping or biting anything! The inner piece, lightly pressing against my tongue, projected far

"Christine, you are about to be turned into the Horse Woman that you admitted you've wanted to be."

back and when I tried to speak, I almost retched when my mouth's shape changed subtly. The horrid thing was quite smooth and not painful to wear, for the moment; but it stifled any attempt I made to speak, preventing my tongue from helping to form any kind of coherent sound. Desperately, I tried to spit it out or shake it loose; but he'd already fastened it to my bridle with thick, narrow little straps making it useless to even try! Seconds later, I wore the thing that would constantly demoralize, control, and discipline me. The long arms from the cheek pieces stuck some six inches out in front of my face, adorned with jingling, sturdy rings and when I shook my head, trying to get used to the mouth filling steel, I saw, heard, and felt them move against their mountings! My moaning and gasping was now almost completely muffled by the bit, while I tried to swallow the drool that threatened to escape, having to suck continually on the steel horror now locked within my mouth.

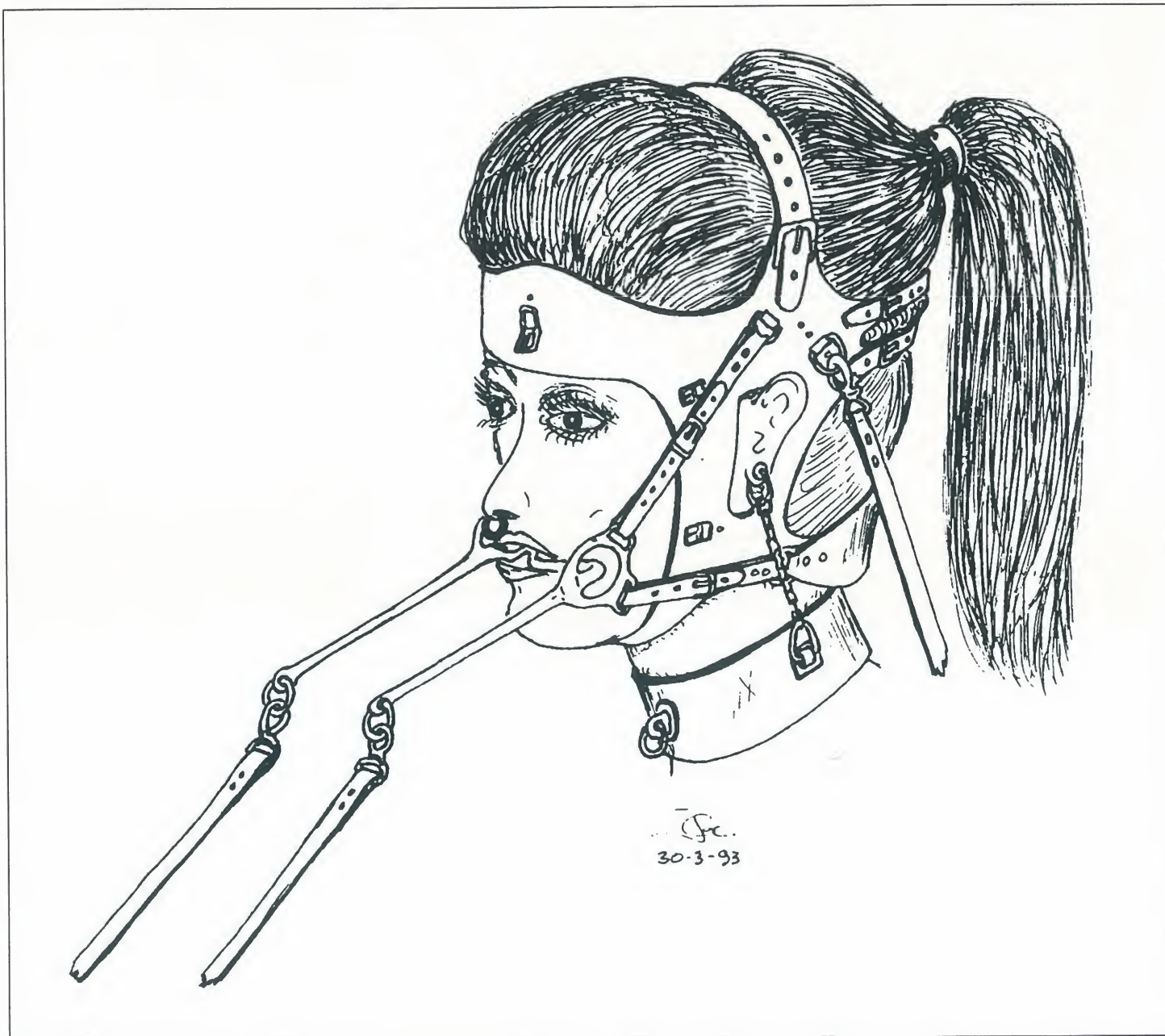
A moment passed, then he reached up and connected a set of

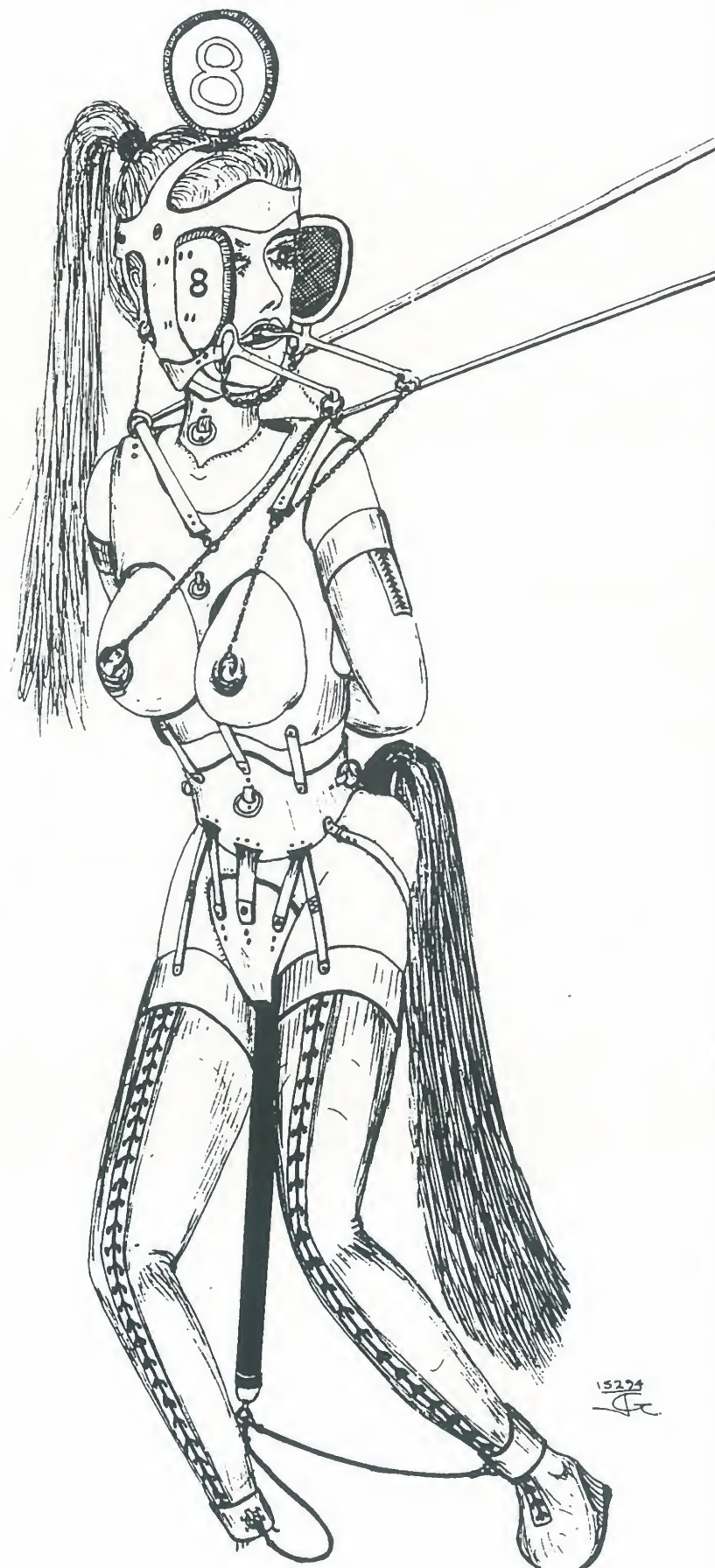
reins to the bit rings, and gave them a playful little tug. When he did, the spoon like thing within my mouth suddenly separated, forcing me to open it widely and I wailed with shock and surprise when this happened. Naturally, my head was pulled in the direction of the tug on the straps and I gasped with the fear and sudden realization at how utterly he controlled me. Leaving the reins to dangle to the floor for the moment, he moved behind me and I felt my head being slowly pulled back when he tightened the bearing reins, preventing me from moving it from side to side or lowering it in any way! Next, he slowly pulled, rotated, and bent each of my mittens and high up behind my back, then strapped them to rings on the shoulder harness, placed there for just that purpose. Within a minute both had been rendered totally beyond my ability to move or use in any way to defend myself and I whimpered pitifully at how much more helpless and under his control he'd made me. He released my collar leash, then connected it to the links joining my wrists between my shoulder blades.

"Time for you to get used to your new room, Christine!" he stated and with a firm and commanding tug on my reins, tried to lead me from the tack room and down the short corridor to the refurbished stall we'd visited earlier. My new home!

"Oh, God!" I tried to wail in terror of what was to happen next, "Please! Please! Let me free! Help me!" But only garbled and semi-strangled whinnies of distress emerged from behind my mouth filling bit. A fit of fearful trembling shook me and I began to twist and writhe frantically against my bonds and the command of the reins. He let me fight my helplessness until I stood panting and sobbing with exhaustion from my futile efforts, gasping both through my flared nostrils and bitted mouth for breath, all the while holding my reins negligently yet firmly, having maintained his solid grip throughout my wild jerking at them.

"Come along, Christine!" he commanded sharply, giving them a quick jerk.





Inside my mouth, the bit sprang open alarmingly and I screamed and almost retched with the sensation of having my mouth forcefully jacked open by the uncaring machinery strapped within it. Unable to resist the demands of my harnessing, I reluctantly stumbled from the room at the ends of my humiliating and controlling reins and walked slowly along behind him with tears of embarrassment and terror trickling down my cheeks.

While I clip clopped down the passage with a jingling of my hobble chain, my legs bounced in the strange boots and the sound of my steel-shod hoofs hitting the cold concrete made me blush glowingly with further embarrassment. I tried to resist his control of my reins; but their command was absolute! I had to follow along behind him, staring straight ahead as my harness commanded. Once inside my stall, he picked up a set of cross ties and quickly clipped them to my bit, then fastened other shorter straps from the wall in front of me to the same rings so that I was bent forward from the waist, unable to turn my head from side to side or back away from it, now some three feet in front of my face. A moment later I felt other cross ties snapped to the heavy rings on the sides of my waist cinch and chest band, ensuring that I would have to stay where he'd placed me. Then they too tightened, centering me in the box stall, four feet away from each of the side walls and totally unable to escape or get at the straps that ensnared me!

"See you in a couple of hours, Horse Woman!" he said, giving my prominently displayed buttocks a proprietary slap, then letting his hands drift up to fondle and squeeze my dependent, noosed, super sensitive and vulnerable breasts. Ω

*Part 2 will
continue next issue.*

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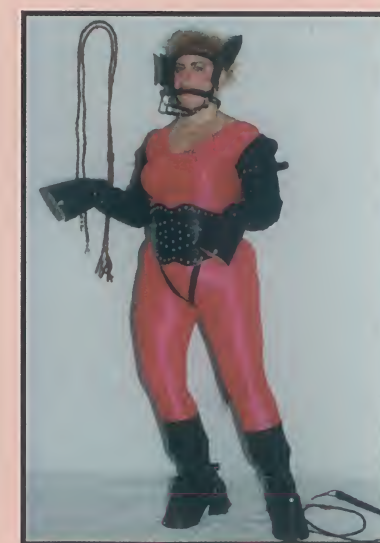
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